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LETTERS

FROM

EUROPE.

BY J. STEPHENSON DU SOLLE,

EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.



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L E T T E R S

FROM

E U R O P E .

BY J. STEPHENSON DU SOLLE,

EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

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J. S. DU SOLLE'S

LETTERS

FROM EUROPE.

1845-6.

NO. I.

The Sea-Voyage—Peculiarities of the "Great Deep"—Curious Companions—The Hourly-Hunter—Sea-Sickness—The "Infallible Antidote"—Nautical Witticisms—The Ghost of the Pig—Sea and Shore, &c. &c.

LIVERPOOL, 5th Nov., 1845

We arrived here a few minutes ago, after a passage at once prolonged and disagreeable—a passage of nearly six weeks, unusually diversified with boisterous storms, violent headwinds, dead calms, and all the other distressing accompaniments that characterize the introduction of the unsophisticated to a "life on the ocean-wave," with all its uncomfortable peculiarities.

As the Steamer, much to our mortification, left yesterday, passing us in the Channel, where headwinds detained us a week, we lost the expected opportunity of transmitting by her even a single chapter of tribulations. The present steamer enables us to hold a somewhat more regular communion with our far-off but dear, "our own, our native land."

And here, in the outset, permit us, dear reader, tenderly to inquire if, in the course of your life, you have ever imbibed any of that species of practical knowledge a vivid idea of which is, or ought to be conveyed, in the familiar expression of "going to sea"? Have you ever, in an unguarded moment, contemplated with resolution the chance of placing yourself and your "body corporal" at the mercy of that "great deep" in whose constancy experience authorizes us to repose as little confidence as the Good Book tells us is due to the faith of "princes," or as Peter Brush assures us, can only, in a republic like our own, be extended to

"politicianers," when we are disposed to enjoy the luxury of a "hysi"?

Have you ever, for an instant, while Apprehension, having feasted upon the rum-cherries of Hope, indulged in the inebriate's sleep, and Fancy remained as wide-awake and vivacious as an eel is said to keep itself while the fish-women are relieving it of its cuticle: have you ever, at such a perilous crisis, entertained with complacency the thought of putting yourself, for weeks, on the verge of a watery grave, for the mere satisfaction of gazing into it, and ascertaining precisely the difference between becoming "food for worms" and provender for fishes?

Have you gone still further and played the philosopher? for we maintain of the Sea as the French writer did of the House of Correction, viz: that "he who goes once to it may go by accident; he who goes twice may go as a philosopher; but he who goes a third time must be either a dunce or a madman": have you ever thus worshipped at the shrine of philosophy? If aye, why then you are acquainted with ships: you are qualified, peradventure, to become a "skipper," and may incontinently jump this initial epistle. We have nothing yet to add to your stock of instruction.

But, if you be one who has had the sagacity to "let well enough alone"; if you have tempted the Sea, as Champagne tempts the palate of the penniless, only through the assistance of a lively imagination; if you have not suffered yourself to be alienated from the comforts of home, and "transported" in obedience to the despotie behests of Fashion, like the old fellow who,

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"———although he was n't rich.
Still thought himself a gentleman
And would behave as sich;"

if you have remained prudently at home where your head and your stomach could conduct themselves with becoming Christian propriety—where the one would not be constantly "swimming," *en amateur*, as if anticipating a bout with the fishes, and painfully conscious of being the weightiest part of the human system, nor the other, with annoying fastidiousness, pertinaciously "throwing up" to you your daily indulgences however abstemious: if you be such, read on! our melancholy reminiscences may warn, if not serve to amuse you: "*Les souvenirs, madame, sont sans prix.*"

In fact, our brief acquaintance with the Sea has been, to us, all-sufficient. It has been, as a French lady-passenger on board the same vessel naively expressed it, "delightfully disgusting," and we feel no particular anxiety, at present, to extend the intimacy. Yet its unpleasantness was mitigated, occasionally, by ludicrous scenes that extracted from us many a hearty laugh in the very midst of our sufferings. We had on board about ninety steerage passengers returning to the land of their childhood, and their frolics on deck, for they had anything but a Paradise below, were most amusing. Then, again, we had also along a sapient pig, and a fecetious duck, both of which were remarkably fond of *rum*. Their absurdly human performances, when intoxicated every day by some one of the inhabitants of our miniature world, were irresistible, even while they saddened one by their mute but eloquent commentary upon human infirmities. The pig, in one of his vagaries, fell down the hatchway and fractured a leg. This accident, singularly enough, cured him of his appetite for liquor. He never could be induced, afterwards, to "put an enemy into his mouth" to rob him of his little wit and his activity. The duck which, by the way, was familiarly known as "Jenny Green," continued, however, to imbibe potations "pottle deep." The admonitory "quack! quack!" of her partner, a solemn-looking drake who utterly eschewed the blandishments of the bottle, were of no avail; and the mysterious, semi-rational manner in which, with head on one side, and eye significant of profound surprise and contempt, he would gaze upon Jenny's abortive efforts to preserve a respectable perpendicular, provoked many a smile on what would otherwise have been very lugubrious countenances.

We possessed, besides, another curiosity in the shape of a young gentleman with a "pekooliar liihp." Now we agree with the song that, in lisping,

"———there's something uncommon,
And a lisp, in particular, is sweet in a woman;" but, in one of the "boots and beaver" gender the affectation is "tolerable and not to be endured." His display of vanity and verduancy

too, were exquisitely refreshing. He had abandoned his country, he assured us, because his "too thutheptible heart" was about to render him a victim to the wiles of "theven languithing young creatures" whom the law would not permit him legitimately to possess in the aggregate, and whom he said it would be "thuthidal" to owa, as worshippers, one at a time. A curious heart must be our fellow-passenger's! But, after all, as the sympathetic Mr. Peckeniff observes, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "heart is not always a royal mint, with patent machinery, to work its metal into current coin. Sometimes it throws it out in strange forms, not easily recognized as coin at all." Who knows, therefore, but that the "thutheptible" organ of our friend in question is a very good one, although, perhaps, one of those old-fashioned machines which, in the olden time, was supposed to be capable of distributing its affections among as many wives as its owner could find board, lodging and work for, without pecuniary inconvenience? Be that as it may, our friend was actually *en route* for Constantinople, where he had been informed "beautiful Houris" were to be obtained on moderate terms, and a "few of which" he was seriously resolved to own if they could be had, to use his own words, "for either love or the pewter"—two commodities he professed to be abundantly supplied with.

He was a sweet youth, that passenger! The Captain pronounced him a "decided cross betwixt a Cologne-bottle and a man-milliner," for he was as "spruce" as the beer so much relished in the dog-days by the juvenile economists of Philadelphia, while his habiliments always exuded the odor of a remarkable intimacy with our neighbor Roussel, of the same city. However, great men have their failings. Even Richelieu, the splendid statesman, affected the *beau garçon*, as well as the wit and the critic, and why not our passenger?

"Bleth my soul, Captain," said he, coming on deck about noon of the second day out, with the countenance of one nerved to some desperate resolution; "bleth my thoul, captain," he began, "but thith ith a motht uneasy vethel."

"Perhaps, my dear sir, it is your stomach that is uneasy."

"Ah! yeth, but, cuth it! captain——" and here, what more he would have said was cut off by a hasty rush to the side of the ship, where he "poured out his libathion to Neptune," as he poetically phrased it, with a significance that amply expressed his feelings in the absence of language.

It seems that it had been his intention to request the captain to take in those "little anti-republican thails," (*i. e.* royals,) at the mast-heads which he suspected gave so much lateral motion of the vessel, or at least to "put out thome ropes and keep all thung and quiet" for just one evening, for his accommodation!

He was excessively sea-sick, to be sure; and so were we. In our own case, we really concluded that the accumulated bile of a quarter of a century had been manumitted at once, and was determined upon maintaining, every day, in our "gin'ards," a sort of Fourth of July celebration of its independence. And let no one presume to speak of the *mal de mer* with unbecoming indifference. It is the most indescribable, as well as the most despicable of human disorders, and withal, like the tooth-ache, begets no sympathy. We counted one afternoon forty-six persons of both sexes leaning over the ship's gunwale, and all "casting up accounts" at once, with the facility of so many Zerah Colbourns. There was not a dry eye on board, at the sight. Nor could we help laughing ourself whenever Nature, in her pacific intervals, would permit us to make a respectable use of our risible faculties. To see so many and such varied countenances, at the same moment, down-turned with loathing or up-turned in despair, and each the very personification of helpless nausea as regarded itself, and helpless mirth as regarded its neighbor, was too exquisite a picture to go uncontemplated.

In truth it is a curious malady, that of the Sea! Our lisping friend remarked, in his agony, that, "cuth it," he was prepared to exchange places with any dog! Of course he meant with any respectable dog—a butcher's dog, for instance—but we did not quite reach that anti-climax of self-respect. We confess, on reflection, that in the worst phases of our emotion, (and "our sufferings *was* intolerable,") we would not have consented to exchange conditions with any half-dozen dogs—unless they had been very jolly dogs indeed.

But what increased the chagrin of "cuth-it," (a name which, as the result of his frequent use of that delicate expletive, our odoriferous companion was soon familiarly known by, and no other,) was the total failure of an antidote for sea-sickness that he had brought with him in the shape of a handful of the American soil, a smell or two at which, he had coaxed himself to believe, would banish old Diabolus himself, were he to venture sea-ward in the guise of a gastronomic disturbance. However, the "American Soil" was carefully watered every day, (and it did our heart good to look at the fresh symbol of Freedom) its owner declaring that, if in no other way to be made useful, he could take it to Europe and "thinell ith blethethed republicanism" whenever he became disgusted with royal ways and courtly manners.

Our passage was a very rough and stormy one, and it was necessarily impossible for any one to whom the situation was at all novel, to enjoy the least repose. Our desired course was easterly, but through the long and dreary hours of night the listening ear could detect nothing

in the responses of the helmsman besides "Sou'," or "Sou' West," or "Sou' Sou' West," or "Sou' West by Sou'," or equally forbidding intelligence. Our lisping beau was exasperated almost to madness by these "she.pork" repetitions, as he bitterly denominated them.

"The thailors thay," he whispered to us, in a voice choking with anguish, "that thome of their interething thweethearts ashore have put a 'black cat under the tub,' to occathion thuch contrary winds; but cuth it!" he ejaculated, "it muht be a black *pig*, and we are being haunted, in these winds, by the ghocht of ith dithcontholate mother."

We laughed and suggested that, in such a case, the ship stood a very slender chance of "saving its bacon."

A sudden plunge of the vessel at this moment enabled three or four of us to accomplish a rather decent but unpremeditated somerset.

"Oa my thoul," said our companion, who was the first on his feet again, "thith ith too bad. I don't tho much object to the thmell of tar, but the 'pitch' of thith vethel, cuth it! is very annoying." His grief had grown 'pun'-gent.

"Yeth," he murmured to himself, as he took up his light to retire for the night, "the thip wath no doubt built in 'leap'-year, and ith determined to jump the whole distance between here and Liverpool." And we were soon solus.

It is wonderful how we all love to torture that which is torturable! Men and dogs, we believe, for the credit of Nature be it said, are the only animals that refine this cruelty by loving to torture their own kind. On board our ship poor "Cuth it" was made the subject of a world of practical waggeries, and not a day passed that did not develop some crude jest at his expense. If he undertook to fish for mackerel with a piece of red flannel for bait, he was certain to pull up a salt codfish that, in his absence, had mysteriously taken its place. If the ship lurched heavily he was petrified by being told it was "only a *rock*," (by-the-way, it is no wonder that children are appalled to sleep, in a cradle;) and we shall never forget his countenance of utter dismay, when gravely assured that such was the character of the seamen on board, it was necessary to "call the watch" several times every night! without enlightening him as to the nautical signification of the expression.

Indeed, without our amusing fellow voyager the passage would have been lamentably uninteresting, for a more monotonous life than that on ship board, with its daily routine of mechanical duties and its unrelieved prospect of clouds and water, cannot well be conjectured. To be sure, the first few days afforded a thousand objects to awaken or gratify the attention of one uninitiated; and when, on the

second day out, we rose early to behold, for the first time, the sun rise on a perfectly landless ocean, the view we admit, (for it was blowing a gale,) was fearfully sublime. Indeed, we detected ourself turning the terrible prospect into a 'werse.' We spare our readers the result of our metrical reflections.

But, even the vastness of the sea soon grew familiar, and then all the disagreeable peculiarities of our prison-house became gradually more apparent. At a very early day "the cow went ashore," or in other words our stock of milk was exhausted, and the sea-dishes, however good, were not the most particularly adapted in the world to provoke an appetite, even in a more tranquil state of the digestive organs.

After all, there is nothing like terra-firma for comfort, and the *agréments* of life. On shore, objects will, generally speaking, stand still to be looked at; and as to the winds, it is a matter of indifference there whence they come, since "close quarters" is the only quarter from which danger is to be apprehended. The sailor may sing, as sailors do sing—for we heard one sing it the other night as he sat under the lee of the foremast, when it was blowing, (to use the language of his companion,) like "forty Aurora Borealis tied up in a bowline"—the sailor may sing

"A strong North-Easter's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't you hear it roar, now?
Lord help 'em! how I pities all,
Unhappy folks ashore, now!"

but, bless you! a sailor's opinion of "land-ed security" is purely of the "Arabian Nights" order of logical architecture; and the idea of falling chimney-pots in an October breeze, "strikes more terror to the soul of Richard," (if his name happen to be Bill on the ship's articles,) than would all the dread realities of a hurricane on a lee-shore, with the *bona-fide* Scylla and Charybdis playfully inviting him in the distance.

No, no; give us the steady shore for our home. The sun may not rise as gloriously there as when he wakes up the misty waters with his bright laugh, and makes them glitter like so many paths of lapis lazuli, nor look as gay, perhaps, as when he flashes with his evening purple the foamy waves, that seem to be putting on their little cotton night caps, and rolling over each other, like playful urchins, into bed. We may not have, ashore, the consolation of the "jolly old cock, who was cast on a rock!"—

"I don't care a curse,
It might have been worse,
This jolly old cock, say's he;
I've got a good hunch
That will do for my lunch,
And a beautiful view of the sea!"

But then we have the fresh scent of flowers! the merry song of the birds! the quiet sleep o' nights on something besides what an Irish friend at our elbow calls "seven-foot feathers," (*i. e.* straw,) and the nice cup of choco-

late in the mornings, with no lack of milk wherewith to "whitewash the cocoa," as an English varlet a few minutes ago denominated it, while eulogizing "pleasant lodgings," to convey us to which he demanded, in the same vernacular, a "bob and a tizzy"—meaning thereby, in plain English, one and sixpence.

We were about to say more, but the land we write in is not the prettiest at this season. A thick fog obscures the sun. The sky is not exactly as "brilliant as the shells on Cerigo's shores after the birth of Venus," and the landlady says "the gentleman" must purchase a red comforter directly for his neck, if we do not wish to die of the "catarrhums." So an abrupt adieu for the present. DU SOLLE.

NO. II.

First impression of Liverpool—Thoughts of Home—Effect of Distance and Absence—The streets, houses, women, &c.—The Docks and the Duties—The Custom-house—Seizure of Books—Speaking "good English"—An interesting Incident.

LIVERPOOL, 5th Nov., 1845.

Our first day in Europe! How strange, and yet how familiar appear all that we see around us! What curious houses! What curious people! What curious streets! Yet, in sober, plain truth, they are the very houses, the very people and the very streets rendered common to our memory by books, and our eyes by the theatre. The buildings and the streets which, from time immemorial have preserved their uniqueness upon the canvass scenes of the American stage, resembling nothing like the buildings and streets seen in American cities, are, we discover, the "counterfeit presentment" of those that now encounter our eyes in every direction. This makes the singularity of the latter piquant, but it saddens every reflection with a thought of our far-off home. We never more forcibly feel our affection for our native land than when distant from its shores. The heart which, indeed, seems to "drag at each remove a lengthening chain," buries all local animosities. The very men and the very measures, that we have for years so studiously combatted and exposed, somehow appear endeared to us because belonging to the country we call "our own;" and the very mention of their names, or the casual meeting with allusions to them in the English press, (we can scarcely find a newspaper from the U. States.) stirs up in one's bosom a sensation which, if not one of fondness, would be mistaken for it by the most sagacious mental police in Christendom. Away from home, we naturally look at its imperfections through the concave lens of Memory's telescope, thus diminishing each dark cloud to an almost indistinguishable point, or beholding it only as the shadow that gives harmony to the general view—the spot upon

the sun that affects not its glorious day-beam, yet bespeaks its common heritage of infirmity. As far as the love of one's country is concerned, the aphorism is not true that it is diminished by either time or travel. Perhaps, however, much depends on the nature of that love; and, after all, Rochefoucauld may be correct in the assertion that, "absence diminishes small passions and augments great ones, as the wind extinguishes candles and gives additional energy to conflagrations:" a very striking illustration.

But, "let us return to our mittens," to use a Gallicism, and a truce to philosophy for the present. Let us look around us. We are confident that we have seen before, those frowning walls—these embellished fronts—this ornate style of window—that classic pile; nay, yonder buxom house-maid, with ruffled cap on head, (all the female domestics wear caps here,) and round, plump arms bared to the elbow, who trips by with rosy cheeks that, in the language of Scripture, "stand out with fatness," (indicative of plenty of beer or very little botheration,) methinks she is no stranger to our vision. Yes, we have seen all—but, it was upon "the boards," and the Abigail was then "en costume." Those dark red sails, too, that we beheld this morning in the harbor: how often have we smiled at them in pictures! How often have we wondered that the artist had chosen such a dingy color for effect, little dreaming that they existed out of the painter's imagination. That hue is really given them to preserve them from the destructive effects of the city's smoke—and Liverpool of the sunniest day is little better than "darkness visible." The bituminous coal in universal use here, emits a smoke from fifty thousand chimneys at once, many of them, (those of manufactories,) sixty feet high, that effectually places the genuine daylight "hors de combat," and substitutes a dim, foggy medium of sight, very convenient, possibly, to weak eyes, but not so well adapted to clear views and clean habiliments.

Yet, Liverpool is an interesting city. The multitude of shipping; the number of ocean-steamers momentarily arriving and departing; the steam-tugs, (tow-boats,) bringing in or conveying out the legion of merchant vessels bearing the flags of every trafficking nation in the world; the ferry-boats crossing and recrossing the harbor, and looking blacker and homelier than anything of the kind in America: all these speak a lesson of trade and industry not yet vouchsafed in full to our young republic, and would make us feel that we were among strangers, even did we not hear about us voices that use a tongue recognized from childhood, but use it now differently! and did we not inhale for an atmosphere, a thick amalgam of gas and humidity, that one's lungs almost refuse to consider a legitimate

aliment, and one's nostrils take pains significantly to "sneeze at" on all occasions. Liverpool is, nevertheless, the beau ideal of commercial cities. There is scarcely a spot in its vicinity that does not bear evidence of the most extraordinary business-enterprize exerted to encourage and maintain a vast maritime trade. The place has not so many natural advantages for the purpose, but Art has done wonders. To counteract the disastrous effects of the tide, which has a fall here of about twenty-seven feet! a bold and very curious scheme was projected, and is in admirable operation. The city was enclosed within a huge wall on the seaward side, with capacious gates at certain intervals. At high-water these gates admit shipping into extensive and wide docks superbly margined with massive stone quays, or wharves, calculated to accommodate an incalculable number of vessels of all sizes and descriptions. Before the tide ebbs these gates are firmly closed, and thus enclosing the water like a canal, and securing a sufficient depth at all seasons, even while, outside the walls, the very bed of the river is in places exposed by the retreating waters. This wall and these locks subserve another, and by no means secondary end in view at their formation. They make themselves useful as well as ornamental, by facilitating to a pretty extent the faithful collection of a large portion of the revenues of Her Majesty, Queen Alexandrina Victoria, consort of Prince Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha: we believe we have not omitted any part of the Royal appellation!

But, behold us on shore, and on our way to the Custom-house of the port of Liverpool. We have no passionate desire to inspect that building, but the government, in that amusing way in which most governments manifest their desire to become better acquainted with visitors and the state of their apparel, has taken possession of our trunks and other little et ceteras, and politely invited us to make an exhibit of our wardrobe. Of course there is no resisting such affecting solicitude, so we attend. The officer who accompanies us has just whispered in our ear that, if we "have anything private to say," he "is open to reason," which, translated into the vernacular of common sense, means that his confidence is to be won as Jupiter won the love of Danaë. He is anxious to gaze at our goods and chattels through golden spectacles! We have no reason and less inclination to tempt his cupidity.

The streets are exceedingly well-paved here. Some are macadamized, we think, and some laid with stone as, in Philadelphia, is Chestnut between Fifth and Sixth streets. The sidewalks are of flintstone, like the pavements of New York. Both the street and side walk are covered, just now, with a greasy mud that in-

vests a promenade with not a few of the characteristics of an uncertain experiment. It is pleasanter to ride; at any rate, a ride will afford an inside view of a cumbrous and inelegant vehicle called a cab, with a driver sitting awkwardly *behind* it, and will besides feelingly accustom the passenger to one of the innumerable advantages taken of those who are not "to the manor born," by the unscrupulous.

Several things strike the eye of the observant stranger here. A policeman in appropriate uniform is encountered every few feet. They appear to be either extremely numerous or truly ubiquitous, we have scarcely made up our mind which. Soldiers, in scarlet cloth, are also to be seen lounging about or chatting at the corners with girls, some of them with bunches of parti-colored ribbons streaming in the wind from their caps. The latter are looking for recruits. They seem to be anxious to discover those ardent philanthropists who, in the superabundance of their loyalty, are ready to shed their blood to "preserve the peace of Europe." (We might here indulge in a wretched pun about agreeing to serve for a "Sovereign," and receiving but four pence, per day—but we won't do it.) A street-sweeping machine, uncouth and ugly, is endeavoring to purify the way, just before us. A vehicle, intended for a dray, but with a large cross of the wagon in its composition, brings up the rear. It is long, strong, and suspended only a few inches above the ground. Its wheels, several inches on the tire, are of great size, and incline, below, very much from the perpendicular. To complete this picture a number of powerful, deep-chested draught-horses, are at work in sight, and skipping beside them a host of tiny animals designated as ponies, attached to pleasure-carriages of several species. The ponies are, many of them, no larger than some Newfoundland dogs, and look very pretty. The income-tax has made itself familiar with the purses of those who keep horses; and as ponies were unimagined in the Bill, these diminutives have come in for a copious share of the public attention. There is one advantage attending their use. Should they grow obstinate and refuse to proceed in any given direction, it is only necessary to dismount, put the animal under your arm and carry him until he is satisfied that rebellion is unprofitable.

Let us go on. How massive are the structures all around us! The houses wear an air of having been erected to endure for ages. The plain brick ones are dark and prison-hued. We are told that coal-dust is incorporated with the clay of which the bricks are manufactured, in order to strengthen them. In the more fashionable thoroughfares the bricks are plastered over and painted a lively color. This habit and the imposing style of architecture

generally adopted, bestow upon the squares quite a dashing and aristocratic appearance. The public edifices have the same aspect of solidity and durability. It is not our province to describe them.

Here is the Custom-house. We enter and oblige an officer with our keys. Our trunks, &c., are rigidly examined, lest a mouthful of "the noxious weed" be lying perdue in some unsuspected corner. The officers pause in their search. They confer together. Their eyes are cast up in unmitigated horror. What have they discovered? Alas! some *American* books! Worse than this, some are American re-prints of English works. The latter, we find, are prohibited—interdicted—as was the introduction of opium into China—and we have committed "flat burglary" in their importation! They are taken from us. The others are restored to us on the payment of an onerous duty. There is one of the contraband volumes that we really must have, for we cannot replace it, and it is valuable. A half-crown crosses the palm of an officer, and presto! the book is in our possession. The officer is poor, no doubt, and your poverty is a sad commentator upon the ethics of the Customs!

Our liberality has done more than we expected, for it has rendered our Custom-house friend communicative. We enter into conversation, and he actually does us the honor to mistake us for an Englishman! When we rectify his error, he testifies his surprise by declaring that, "for an American," we really "speak very good English"! We verily believe he labors under the impression that Americans commonly address each other in Choctaw, Iroquois or some other aboriginal jargon unknown to civilized society, for his companions also compliment us. One of them even solemnly avers that our diction is nearly as pure as his own! although, Heaven help us! he might easily have been the juvenile of whom the interesting papa says in the song—

"——— and oft his head I towels,
 'Cause he exasperates the H,
 And won't pronounce the vowels."

We left the Custom-house and, but for an incident at the door, would have brought to our dinner anything but a wholesome state of equanimity. Napoleon is said to have lost one of his battles in consequence of imbibing his soup in an ill-humor; who knows what might have been the result, in the present critical position of public affairs between the United States and Great Britain, had we ventured to digest our dinner and our dissatisfaction at such a moment! But, sitting at the door we saw a sailor, picturesquely ragged, laughing immoderately over a well-thumbed volume he was perusing by what might properly be called "spells." Curiosity overcame propriety. We peeped over his shoulder. The book was an American one! Nay more, it was the "Char-

coal Sketches" of our modest friend Neal, of Philadelphia! We could almost have hugged the tattered rascal for his appreciation of genuine wit, and felt vexed that the scurvy jade, Fortune, was so disposed to place him in the condition of one of the heroes of the book he was reading, by enabling the public to "see too much of him."

After that we dined well and deliberately.

DU SOLLE.

NO. III.

Eating and drinking at Liverpool—pretty waiting-maids, their costume and manners—hotel arrangements—the streets—substitute for penants—wonderful exhibition—anniversary of the "Gunpowder Plot"—bonfires, songs—thoughts on pick-pockets, &c.

LIVERPOOL, 5 Nov., (night) 1845

Night in Liverpool! We are so gratified at our leg-freedom—at our escape from on ship-board where, "bound to the mast like the son of Ithacus," we vegetated, for, after all,

"Man, sir, is but a plant,

Although he hold no place in botany!"—

we are so delighted at the opportunity of exercising our curiosity and our powers of locomotion at the same moment, that we cannot be tempted to remain in-doors, though the luxury of a quiet bed is most inviting.

We find the hotel arrangements here somewhat singular, but strikingly comfortable. The bar is not obtruded upon the sight, as in many hotels at home, and is attended, as we perceive through a showy glass door, by a lady dressed in smiles and a black pelisse. The servants are chiefly of the softer gender, active, obliging, and very assiduous in their attentions. Those we see are decidedly pretty, and if they have not the "robustness of a beer-barrel," have a look of abundant health, and air of good humor that is really infectious. They wait on one with cheerful alacrity, and in their manner seem anxious to assure one that servitude is, with them, an enjoyment rather than a duty. Their costume is neat and appropriate. The clean white apron sets off their figures to advantage, while the lace-bordered net cap adds an eminently domestic look, and affords a capital contrast to the ruddiness of their cheeks. They are quite modest withal, and we make these notes while a couple of them are vying with each other in their exertions to provide us with a palatable supper in our chamber, (there are no "tables d'hôte" in England,) and anticipate our wishes. There is a want of sociability, certainly, in this English mode of eating in solitude, but the fashion has its conveniences, not the least of which is the fact that your purse and your appetite are enabled by it to practise a system of mutual accommodation, to say nothing of the obliging attentions, and the pair of laughing eyes thrown, as a relish, into the bargain. By our side blazes a coal

fire, (we wish it were Pennsylvania anthracite,) that reminds one of Pittsburgh and its abominations, and before us burn two candles, one of which we were under the necessity of calling for to assist us in seeing the other's light—both together might be eclipsed in their luminous intentions by a half dozen enterprising American "lightning-bugs," provided the latter were made aware of the nature of the experiment.

Supper over, we may say that the meal was excellent and not unreasonable. The whole expense of lodging, meals, &c., is about equal to the cost of the same in the first-class hotels of America. In more fashionable quarters the expense is, of course, proportionately augmented—the servants' fees being, possibly, no inconsiderable item. At our hotel, these fees, we find, are inserted in the bill, and are equivalent to the gratuities usually bestowed by liberal travellers in our own country. The parlors, we note, are designated by names, painted on small signs over their doors: one is denominated the "Aurora," another the "Minerva," another "Athens," &c. To go into very minute matters, we may add that even a small watch-pocket of knitted-cotton, ornamented, is suspended, over the head, from the bed-curtains. In fine, nothing is neglected, adapted to increase one's comfort, or minister to moderate desires.

And now for the street—for it is only in the public streets that one can get a genuine picture of the popular life and of national manners. Mud and fog beset our path as usual, but the brilliantly illuminated shops, (gas must be cheap here,) makes a very decent substitute for daylight. Butcher-shops, or stores, some of them elegant establishments, are numerous. Victualing-shops, with men and women disposing of the ready-cooked and savory meats in the windows to customers, who carry it away on uncovered plates or dishes, are also abundant. This is classic enough, for "Phædo kept a victualing shop, and entertained those whom he fed," and moreover had Socrates for a boarder. Of stores for the sale of Yankee clocks, we have met three within five minutes: (our Connecticut neighbors never lose a chance of turning a penny, when they can turn it satisfactorily) The liquor shops are beyond computation. Their proprietors, too, seem to be possessed of a pretty large share of that species of "ambition" which Shakspeare speaks of as likely to "o'erleap itself," for "wine and ale vaults," or "spirit vault," is ostentatiously paraded over every shop, however innocent of subterranean accommodations. Fish, cheese, and other stores for the sale of almost every imaginable article, crowd the thoroughfares, and wear a look of busy gayety.

The streets are lively and filled with people. The omnibusses, (they resemble our own, but each has a "conductor" behind, to attend on

passengers,) are rattling by. The sir is vocal with all kinds of noise. Here is a little fellow exerting himself to sing "Lucy Neal," and making an extraordinary effort to convince himself that he is successful. There is a man with a fractured vocal organ pressing the public to believe that he is actually giving away his periwinkles. His every shout recalls to mind Irving's description of Flimsey's Richard III: "it was like two voices run into one; you would have thought two men had been calling for a horse, or Richard calling for two horses." By the way, "periwinkles" are the popular English substitute for peanuts in America. They are not unlike small snails. They have a black shell, and are boiled as we boil chestnuts; after which they are vended to the juveniles in the streets, and add their quota to the general entertainment at the theatre and other public places. A little farther on is the exhibition of a Mummy, and a capital pair of lungs at the door are engaged in specifying its attractive qualities. "'Tis fresh as any hegg, gen'lemen, and is honly 6782 years old. It is the spicy remains of the Hgyptian giant of the Acropolis, wat used to tear out people's legs, and beat 'em vith the bloody hendes. Walk in gen'lemen—honly a penny." The curious erudition of the speaker is not to be passed by, and so we commit his words to memory while conning a written placard on the door that professes more circumstantially to enumerate the contents of the shew. We thus learn that there is really to be seen, within, "A Tiger from Bengal wat used to eat women, and little children under fourtin years of age!" an "American crocodile in exsellen repaire;" also "The Patience of Job," and a "tin-cup wat belonged to wun of the Patriarks," are among the curiosities. As to the mummy, we pity it.

"'Tis hard one cannot lie amid
The mould, beneath a coffin-lid,
But thus the Faculty will bid
Their rogues break thro' it;
If they don't want us there, why did
They send us to it?"

The "tin-cup of the Patriarchs" and the "Patience of Job" go entirely beyond our comprehension. We cannot imagine man or woman having one, and we fancy what a figure an antedeluvian would have made using the other.

But hark! a terrific disturbance is going on around the corner. And see! there is the light of a huge bonfire. Listen to the songs. True enough; this is the 5th November, the anniversary of the "Gunpowder Plot" of Guy Fawkes, and a day universally and peculiarly celebrated in this country. On the morning of this day men and boys parade the streets with stuffed effigies of Fawkes, (who, history informs us, in 1604 attempted to blow up the Houses of Parliament,) and beg pennies from public-spirited citizens to purchase fireworks, ale, &c., for the evenings saturnalia. At night,

immense bonfires are kindled, a chair with one of the effigies is placed on the top of each, and amidst the blaze of the whole, the discharge of squibs and rockets, and the shout of patriotic songs, the ale is drunk, and dancing over and around the fires is kept up until a late hour. A great many respectable-looking persons of both sexes are standing beside the present conflagration, laughing at the loyal orgies of the actors in the scene. One man approaches us with a hat. He sings—

"Remember, remember
The 5th of November,
The gunpowder-treason and plot—
I see no reason
Why gunpowder-treason
Should ever be forgot."

We give him a penny, and he proceeds to the next. Another noisy one is amusing himself by feeding the flames, and as he throws the fuel on the effigy, shouts—

"Stick in a stake
For King George's sake;
Stick in a stump
For King George's rump;

Holloa boys! holloa boys! God save the King! holloa boys!
holloa boys! God save the Queen! Whooray! whooray!"
Another discordant scamp, in the overflow of his patriotism, is screaming, in equally good metre—

"Guy Fawkes, Guy, did contrive
To blow King Parliament up alive,
But by God's mercy he was ketcht,
With a dark lantern and lighted match,
And just as he was going to touch the prime,
He was caught by the tail behind—
Whooray! whooray! whooray!"

Thus the frolic continues until the bonfire is extinguished, and the liquors and the patience as well as pence of the spectators are exhausted. The police are also on the spot. Indeed, it is difficult to say where they are not. We encounter their blue coats and white trimmings at every turn. And yet pickpockets are numerous, and a warning to beware of them may be found in every place of common resort. In fact their presence appears to be expected; and it is not very long since a pleasant English author undertook to prove that pickpockets were necessary to a perfect state of society. He considered "a genteel man to be somewhat neglected" whose pockets escaped a contribution of this character; and he argued that a gentleman who "behaves as such," could afford to permit, if not patronize pickpockets, just as well as noblemen to patronize pugilists! Farther than this, he ingeniously sought to eulogize a rogue of the kind, by the shrewd observation that "he picks his pocket when he picks yours," or in other words, compliments you, by "making a selection, from among a hundred, of your pocket in especial." We confess that as a matter of convenience, as well as taste, we could very well dispense with such compliments altogether. They are "touching," but rather costly indulgences.

And now to a good night's rest. We grow weary of sight-seeing, and depart betimes in the morning for the great metropolis, London. We shall then have reached the "high top-

gallant of our jay," to use the language of the love-sick Romeo. We anticipate much pleasure in treading the streets, and gazing at the very spots made familiar to us by Shakspeare and the old dramatists, and we trust to be able to impart a little of our satisfaction to our readers. Till to-morrow then, Adieu,

Du SOLLE.

NO. IV.

Arrival in London—reflections upon the occasion—vagaries of Fancy—the potatoe-roaster—the railroad from Liverpool—the engines—the stopping-places—rustic scenery—English cottages—the canal—poetry, romance, &c.

London, 7 Nov. 1845.

Here we are at last in the great Babylon of Great Britain! We have reached it from Liverpool, via Birmingham, (vulgarly called Brummagem,) in twelve hours over a superb railroad, and through a region of country abounding in rural scenery of the most picturesque and poetic character.

Our brain is in a complete whirl of excitement; but we must pen our impressions while they remain still fresh upon the memory, for having caught them, we cannot put salt upon their tails to keep them, nor let them out on parole with a pledge to return when they are wanted. Besides this, the boiling tide that rushes through our veins, and the painful throbbing at our temples, tell us but too surely that we are about to pay the usual penalty of a change of climate.

Seated in a snug little room then, with a sea-coal fire burning cheerily in front of us; by our side a lofty gothic window with antique mouldings hung with crimson curtains, and a dim view in the distance of the immense monument immortalized by Pope, which, "like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies;" immediately under our nostrils a delicious cup of tea, smoking in china of a pattern fully as ancient as that of the curiously carved furniture that surrounds us: fancy us thus comfortably situated, mentally consigning a troublesome headache to a fervid residence "down, down below," and desperately essaying to clothe our capering thoughts in sober black, for grave perusal.

Here we are in this vast cauldron of human emotions, our own but a faint ideal in the mighty pulsation of the two millions of human hearts beating at once in this overswollen city. We can scarcely credit the evidence of our senses that the billowy Atlantic rolls between us and our distant home. The clock of St. Paul's is tolling over the busy crowd of Mammon's worshippers the waste of time, but our refractory ears persist in recognising in its solemn tones only the familiar voice of our old acquaintance of the State-House steeple; and even Fancy busies herself in the erratic task of converting the dissonant cry of the man at an adjacent corner, who is retailing the

potatoes he is roasting in a tin-tub to the populace in the streets, into the cry [for "copy" to which our own little sanctum is so well accustomed.

All this, to be sure, has nothing to do with the incidents of our transit from Liverpool to London; but we must tell our story in our own way: we have promised to give a faithful transcript of our sensations as we go, in a lively, unconstrained and social manner, and we feel inclined to do it even at the hazard of encountering the "pooh!" and the "up-haw!" of those scurvy curmudgeons who feel no interest in the little figures that go to form the great integer of life, and who expect a human being to travel with his heart, like his best hat, in a leather-box, only to be taken out and made use of on important occasions.

We left the smoke-begrimed city of Liverpool at 6 o'clock this morning. It was scarcely daybreak, and to us the railroad depot looked, as a building, in the dim light, not unlike a church. We suspect that, with the exception of the front, the whole edifice is subterranean; for, after seating ourself in a car, and being, (of course,) imposed upon by the demands of half a dozen attendants for services known and unknown, done and undone, we were whirled about three miles through the bowels of the earth, and far beneath the houses, churches, markets &c., of Liverpool, by means of ropes, before we emerged into the open air, at another depot beyond the populous confines of the City. Here we beheld a multitude of fire-fiends, in the shape of locomotive engines, hissing off their superfluous steam, flashing their blazing eyes, or pulling forth in huge volumes their thick smoke-breath, as if impatient at the delay that kept each of them from snatching up and departing by some one of the several trains, with its load of mortality. A strange thing is an engine! Our own started off with a horrid, ear-piercing shriek of exultation at having so many human souls to torture or trifle with, and went panting along the iron road with a vigor that, at first, crowded one's imagination with a host of ideas that had very little to do with this world, or with the more agreeable division commonly anticipated of the next.

The English railroad cars do not resemble anything American. They rather, bear an apparent relationship to the American cars of an early date. They are, in fact, car-coaches, or stage-coaches in the chrysalis state of transition into railroad cars, and preserve yet, much of their outward and inward semblance to the original. The first class cars are extremely well fitted up, but the second class are vile, and the third atrocious. The baggage of the passengers is carried on the top of these cars altogether, the luggage car in advance being employed to carry freight. These rules may not

be applicable to all the trains, but we are not aware at present of any exceptions.

The road between Liverpool and London is not, in construction, attendance, regulations, &c., approached by anything in our country. Railroads, with us, are completed with a single eye to expedition or profit; here, the grand object aimed at appears to be solidity and durability, regardless of expense; but in America we are, in the matter of luxurious cars, at least half a century ahead of Great Britain.

We left Liverpool at a rapid rate, but as we had to stop at some village or "Station," nearly every ten minutes, to take up or set down passengers, our progress was necessarily slow—Still, it was fast enough for every purpose of observation. Everything, indeed, was done with, literally, the regularity of clockwork—The way-bills designated the exact minute at which the train would arrive at every "Station," (the time being nicely marked by a clock adjusted agreeably to the longitude of each,) and nothing could be more prompt or more punctual. The servants, too, of the railroad company, dressed in a plain uniform, were always on the spot, alert, active and obliging. One of them could always be discerned in the distance as we approached a stopping place, with either a red or green flag in his hand, to impart to the guard some necessary information. And then at the "Stations," as the stopping-places are termed, what attention is paid to the manifold wants of the traveller! We should really take a lesson, at home, from the English in this particular. The station-house at even the most obscure village is always a tasty, as well as comfortable structure. A handsome, paved way, extends along the front of it. Conveniences of all kinds for gentlemen, as well as ladies, are there erected. A number of large signs conspicuously arranged, render all inquiry as to the title of the place unnecessary, even to the greatest stranger. All that is required is done with a noiseless, business-like despatch, your trunks are carefully lifted up; way-packages of small size are placed in lockers under the seats by means of small doors opening upon the outside of the cars; coals are emptied into the tender from sacks ready filled and in waiting; the water is ejected from a fluted iron column surmounted by a lamp; the bell tolls, and the train is off at the very instant fixed for its departure.

At one of the "Stations" we observed that a martin had built its nest under the eaves of the house, and in the midst of the smoke, and bustle. And the nest remained there undisturbed, a popular superstition rendering it a perilous undertaking to remove it. This bird seems to be aware of its security; for, in many places it occupies both of the upper corners of the windows of dwelling houses with its bulky, clay domiciles, and cards have to be nailed over these snug localities, in order to

keep the little architects out, and prevent such unsightly disfigurements.

The scenery along the road, we have said, is picturesque and poetic: nay more, it is really beautiful, even at this sombre and, so-called, suicidal season. It has none of the grandeur and sublimity of our American scenery; there is not the immensity, nor the majesty that awes while it delights the eye of the artist at home; but there is a serene and touching loveliness in the landscape that stirs up every lateat feeling of romance in one's constitution, and, if it be true that "Friendship is the wine of existence, and Love the dram-drinking," makes one feel wonderfully like a maudlin indulgence. It is the realization of one's boyhood dreams of rural pleasantness. There are the very cottages that the old poets have sung of, and of which our fingers have so often sought to catch a living likeness. There they are, with their quaint and ragged outline—their comical roofs thatched with straw and o'ergrown with moss, and their tiny latticed windows peeping from between the green ivy that creeps over the walls and shadows them, like timid innocence looking out at a sinful world. There, too, is the little winding road, the favorite of every sketch book. There is the murmuring rivulet, meandering through the green meadows, with the willow laving its branches in the cool stream as it flows. There is the ancient village-church, the rustie mill, and the foamy waterfall—the plank bridge, the little white gates, the hawthorn hedges, the air of domestic industry and all the thousand and one charming accessories of an exquisite picture that every cultivated mind has painted at times, when inspired by the books of what we have all been taught to look upon as a classic age in the history of our common language.

After all this rhapsody, let it not be supposed that we are insensible to the glorious features of our native land, or that we reserve, like too many, our enthusiasm for "foreign graces." But, while we worship the sublime in one, shall we be so prejudiced as to refuse to do homage to the beautiful in the other? Has not the same munificent hand outspread them both for human enjoyment? Is it not, after all, the same Nature, though attired in a different dress? Beshrew us! but we despise the selfish spirit that "can travel from Dan to Beersheba and find all barren," because the route may happen to have the odor of a distinct nationality; or that fancies it exalts the blessings of its own home, by churlishly disparaging those it meets with everywhere else. Nature has no climate, no soil, and no nation. To adore her is to do reverence to her great Author; and an admiration of her charms in every garb, in every clime, is the natural religion of a grateful heart.

One thing strikes the traveller as highly characteristic in this country. Land is valuable, and per consequence, almost every inch of ground is under cultivation. The eye travels over nothing but fields furrowed by the plough, with vegetation struggling through the rich dark earth into the sunlight; or it rests on the still green pasture where the "lowing herd," or the plump sheep, fill up the quiet landscape. Even the trifling space between the rails and the green hedge, (fences are rare here,) is carefully planted with either flowers or vegetables—an extraordinary sight to an American, and one that prettily relieves the tedium of the dulllest travel.

The line of the canal to London frequently crossed our track, and it lay like a sheet of molten silver imbedded in the deep green of its banks. Now and then it stole afar off in its tortuous path like a huge serpent striving to conceal its shining folds in the dark grass. Anon, it bursted upon us again like a sapphire lake, while the red sails of a passing boat, (for they use sails also, on this canal,) gleamed, in the sunbeam, like rich rubies scattered over its placid bosom.

But, our subject grows upon us as we proceed—our rascally headache is becoming as importunate as a constable—fire, candle and paper are giving us a legitimate "notice to quit"—and so like Cæsar, we yield gracefully to overpowering numbers, and decess for the nonce.

Du SOLLE.

NO. V.

Canals and headaches—reflections on physic—the railroad to London—the great tunnels—the tiny gardens, the bridges, the fare—the country seats—the chase—singular fact—Birmingham and a breakfast—appropriate thoughts—an accident—an angel in disguise—curious incidents—arrival at London, &c. &c.

LONDON, 8 Nov., 1845.

We left off last night in the midst of the headache, and the Canal to London. The one we soon left behind us, on the railroad; the other is entirely too affectionate, and sticks to us as, agreeably to the vulgar apothegm, Death adheres to a defunct colored gentleman. It is daylight however—perhaps we should say fog-light, for positively we can scarce command, through our window, a decent view of the magnificent bijou establishments across the street, and a sort of clarified Egyptian darkness pervades every nook and corner of the metropolis—it is daylight, however, and that is some comfort, for a headache, proceeding from a cold, bears a strong family likeness, in one respect to the poetic genius, and "Genius," if we may credit Mr. Punp, "never feels its oats until after sunset." We have sent for the man of pills, and it is possible he will be able to exorcise our unpleasant cerebral disturber. He will take some "pains" we trust. At least he should, for we have an invincible repugnance to the whole contents of the pharmacopœia, and

considerably prefer having our victuals go regularly through by due course of mail, to having them physicked through by Express. Still, drugs are better than the lancet. Phlebotomy is, at best, labor in "vain," and "per Hercle!" we have no relish for such sanguinary recreations.

But to the railroad again. The distance from Liverpool to London is a little over two hundred miles, but the fare to one used to the cheapness of American transportation seems excessive. Nearly twelve dollars is the price by the best cars, and ten and eight dollars by those with inferior accommodations. To be sure, the road is costly in construction, and is maintained in admirable order, and no doubt at a great expense. We counted six or seven tunnels as we passed, some of them miles in length, that must have required an enormous outlay. The tunnel under the city of Liverpool is, in itself, a wonderful piece of art, and it is a curious thing to see hundreds flashed through the earth beneath the very foundations of a mighty congregation of human habitations. There is another tunnel near Birmingham, with huge dome-like openings to the earth's surface at intervals, intended for the escape of the smoke from the engines. All of them are remarkably massive and solid, and have every appearance of strength and durability. Then there is a legion of stone and brick bridges arching over the railway at the cross roads, almost all of which make decent pretensions to architectural display, and are very heavy. The neatness, finish, taste and attention to the public convenience, manifested at the "Stations" or stopping-places, we have already enlarged upon, (omitting, we think, to mention the gardens of flowers, sometimes only a foot or so square, invariably coaxed out of the trifling waste land discovered and ingeniously cultivated by one of the company's attendants on the spot,) and then there are not only white mile posts with large white metallic figures on a black ground, but half and even quarter mile posts, besides a number to designate, at various points, the direction to adjacent villages. These things necessarily involve great expense. Still we are inclined to think the fare exorbitant, and we suspect that, at present prices the investment must be profitable, for the business done on this road, and by means of its branches, amounts to, we are told, one hundred thousand dollars per week!

There were some lovely country seats, with extensive parks and castellated mansions, to be seen on our route. Now and then we came across the family carriage of an affluent or titled individual. The servants in livery, obsequious both in dress and manner, with knee-breeches, white stockings, shoes and laced coats, presented a novel sight. Of the vehicles, all were heavy, some neat and some otherwise. Occasionally we beheld a party engaged in the chase, with their red coats, their horses, dogs, &c., forming an interesting sight. These were of course the gentry, for the poorer classes have little to do with similar enjoyments, unless it be, perhaps, to

inveigh against such unnatural political distinctions, when their grounds have been trampled down by the hunters in the pursuit of a sport in which it would be out of character in them to mingle. The farmer cannot but feel vexed, too, when sowing his buckwheat, at the compulsory labor and its object; for although buckwheat-cakes—that delicious food—are unknown here, every agriculturalist, it is said, is compelled to devote a portion of his land to the cultivation of the grain itself, for the use and benefit of that species of game, viz: partridges, pheasants, &c., which he is not permitted to point a gun at, but which it is the special privilege of a certain class exclusively to destroy. This, if it be so, is one of the odious features of a political aristocracy, and one that must make itself sensibly felt, we presume, on many an occasion. It is peculiarly hard when a man cannot pursue the game that he may find upon his own premises; it is still harder, however, when he is coerced to provide food, on his own premises, for game reserved for the amusement of others.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., we arrived at Birmingham, the great iron-manufacturing city, the smoke of which we scented at the distance of several miles. Its approach is marked by iron-works in every direction, with clusters of houses adjacent, the residences, probably, of the workmen. The forest of tall chimnies belching forth black smoke, and enveloping it forever in a murky cloud, does not add much picturesque beauty to this mart of industry, and yet it was vocal with the hum of labor and enterprise. The railroad tracks here were very numerous. The depot is a beautifully constructed building. Its framework is of iron, and though large and strong, wears a charmingly light and airy appearance. We do not know how many locomotive-engines were firing up, or flying about, at this station, but there was a very great number. Had it been night, one might easily have imagined that Pandemonium had been let loose, and that Earth was being deluged with a flood of living and vivacious fire-demons.

We left Birmingham at twelve o'clock, M., after placing a capital breakfast beneath our waistcoat, and feeling altogether much improved by the circumstance. By the way, it is really surprising what an effect a satisfactory meal has upon the human spirits. It is true that of "all the antagonists to mental depression, travelling is the most vigorous;" but then the etceteras, without which travelling is a nuisance, must not be neglected—and among them, to say nothing of good roads, palatable food is the most important. In fact, nothing can be properly done, (except taking physie,) that is done fasting—a truism illustrated by the fact that your lean men, your men with the corporation of a two-ounce vial, are ever splenetic, while your rotund, Falstaff-like humanities, are mirth incarnate, witty themselves

and the cause of wit in others. There is something both invigorating and humanizing in a beef-steak—particularly if dished up somewhat after the fashion of Macbeth's trite reflection on a very different subject,

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly:"

and we have always given that shrewd English commander credit for unusual sagacity who, addressing his soldiers on the eve of a battle, said, "What a shame it would be to you Englishmen, who feed upon beef and drink beer, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you who eat nothing but oranges and lemons?" truly a "meet" suggestion.

From Birmingham to London little presented itself that was novel, besides an accident, and a couple of singular fellow-passengers. The train ran over and crushed a poor fellow who, intently gazing upon the hounds in pursuit of a hare in a contiguous field, did not hear the shrill sound of the steam-whistle until too late to preserve his life. It was distressing. The calamity developed, however, the sympathy of our travelling companions, and we found some interest in fabricating the remarks of each into an index of individual character. "What a shocking death!" faintly murmured a lady on our right, with the least possible suspicion of a tremulous shudder, as she applied a *flacon* of salts to her nostrils—performing the act so as to display to the greatest advantage the full roundness of a very beautiful hand, and the jewelled whiteness of her long, tapering fingers that looked like "rolled-up rose leaves, with nails like pieces cut from the lip of a shell." "No business on the railroad," surlily muttered a stout, well-muffled up old gentleman in the corner, with a close cap drawn down over his ears and eyes, and whom the incident had disturbed from a slumber to which he had composed himself a moment previous. "I hate a scene!" he gruffly added, cocking up one little eye with a very curious expression at the delicate lady we have mentioned, ere he relapsed into his comfortable position. The delicate lady replied only with a furtive glance that, fairly translated, would have said, in the words of Dickens' Jonas, "It must be liquid aggravation that circulates in his viens, and not regular blood;" and then spitefully hitching up her shawl, she tried to amuse herself by tapping "Di tanti palpiti" on the window pane. We had not observed her face particularly before, but now that our attention was drawn to it, we thought that it was surpassingly beautiful. Her pointing lips looked with their deep crimson, like a torn pomegranate blossom, in the dark corners of which a world of Cupids were playing at bo-peep with each other. Yet there was a luxurious sadness, a something inexpressibly melancholy in the expression of her cheek, that conjured up a thousand piquant details of a romantic history. We perused her features one by one, as we would have pored over the pages of some delicious volume, every line deepening an unfathomable well of passionate

inspiration. Absorbed in the intoxicating contemplation, we were suddenly aroused from our poetic reverie by a hasty movement of the object of our attention. She yawned. The dream was dissolved! The spell was broken! Our beauty had evidently never heard of the wonders of modern ophthalmic science. In short,

"A slight cast in her eye to her looks added vigor!"

while, as if it were "Pelion upon Ossa piled," to increase our discomfiture, three of the ivory angels that should have guarded the rosy portals of her voice, like the "lost Pleiads," were missing from their habitation! It was too bad. The book of sweet and unwritten tenderness that we had mentally visioned, lay cruelly mangled before us at a blow. The tearful dashes of an impassioned spirit that we had sounded—the chamber of grief, "aching with desolation," that, through the "outer vestibule" of a mournful heart, we had in fancy, penetrated and explored, turned out to be the idle vagaries of a vulgar and affected shrew. The testy old gentleman in the corner was her husband, and he always raised "such a precious go!" when disturbed, she assured us, that she would have fainted outright, for our amusement, on the occasion of the accident, but for the inconvenience she experienced when her nerves were in the slightest degree agitated. And yet she was a woman! and our slumbering neighbor had no doubt wedded her from pure love! Ah, truly, too often "l'amour c'est un enigma, dont le mariage nous apprendra le mot; mais ce n'est pas un bon mot."

It grew dark as we approached London, and a heavy fog and rain that had set in, contributed to close from our eyes what we were really yearning for—a perspective picture of the great city. We soon reached the depot, a large, commodious and illuminated building in one of the suburbs, where omnibusses were in waiting to convey us in any required direction. A perfect stranger as we were to the country, little did we know to which point of the compass to recommend ourselves, so we concluded, in the true spirit of adventure, to trust ourselves to Fortune, in the hope that she might favor us with some sweet bestowing under the circumstances. We threw ourselves into an omnibus that appeared to have travelled the dirtiest, and of course, the busiest and most popular route, and opening a window, prepared for the result. The vehicle was crowded and soon driven off, and in a few minutes we were whirled through streets blazing with gas-lights, and filled with carriages and cabs and people, all hurrying to and fro in a state of apparently desperate exertion. We were bewildered with the glare and the bustle, and every passenger besides us had been set down, when the omnibus finally stopped in the midst of a brilliant and tumultuous square, and we were politely informed by the conductor that we were in front of our hotel. We couldn't for our life conjecture how he divined our wishes, but we looked out, and as

the hotel had really an aspect of comfort, as well as elegance, and three or four waiters with round, jolly faces, stood awaiting our decision, we prepared to descend. But our eye caught the profile of a cat in the doorway. We hesitated a moment, and the next passed up into the hotel with alacrity. The cat was sleek and well fed. We never, by any chance, voluntarily trust ourselves in a place where the grimalkins have a lean, diaphanous appearance. Fat cats indicate good living, take our word for it. We were not mistaken in the present instance. Du SOLLE.

NO. VI.

London—the "west-end"—affluence and indigence—omnibusses—a female equestrian—English men and English women—Trafalgar square—Lord Mayor's day, its procession and peculiarities—mountebanks, music and gymnastics—singing girls—universal "tintment"—the lazzaroni of the great metropolis, &c.

LONDON, 10 Nov., 1845.

Wooed by the charming weather, so unusual to the season, we sallied out this morning, after breakfast, for a promenade. Grown leg-weary, we took a seat in an omnibus, and ultimately got out at Hyde-Park-corner, in the ultra-fashionable, aristocratic, or "West-End" of London. Before us rose the lordly front of Apsley House, the magnificent residence of the Duke of Wellington, and around us a host of other splendid dwellings inhabited by the titled or the opulent. As we sauntered along the gay street known so well to all novel readers as Piccadilly, admiring the brilliant equipages that dashed us by, or ever and anon rushed through the open gates, and drew up before the door of some stately home of nobility, a half dozen theatrically-dressed servants being instantly in attendance, we could not help giving utterance to a sigh; for, gazing through the iron railing at this pomp and ceremony of wealth, was a poor woman, with an infant in her arms, whose hollow cheek bespoke abject want and unspeakable suffering, and whose eyes indulged in an eloquence of supplication for which her tongue was forbidden to find words by the constant proximity of the police.

We had some difficulty in threading our way quietly through the moving mass of humanity that seems to throng the principal streets of London at all moments. Once or twice we came near being run down at the crossings, such was the press of vehicles of all descriptions, from the patrician coach with its coronet or coat of arms emblazoned upon the panels, its mettlesome horses and gayly-habited outriders, down to the unpretending donkey-cart, with its homely shape and its touching picture of patience in harness. After a hasty tour through the most elegant divisions of Old and New Bond, Regent and Oxford streets, and a brief glance at the aristocratic glories of Soho, Beilgrave, Portland, Berkeley, Cavendish, Hanover, Portman, Grosvenor, Russell and Bedford Squares—regions that have been

rendered by fashionable novel writers more familiar to American ears than many of them are to the eyes of a large portion of the citizens of London themselves—we found our road back again to Piccadilly, at its point of junction with Coventry street, and the handsome thoroughfare denominated the Haymarket.

Here we paused for a moment to contemplate the busy scene. On either side of the way ran two mighty floods of life, each little wave in both struggling to get beyond its fellow, and each swelling up and rolling on, mindful only of its own importance, and intent only upon its own object. The carriage-way exhibited a similar and equally active sight. Here were, at least, half a score of handsome omnibusses, (very like our own,) in sight at once, each "licensed to carry thirteen inside and eight outside," as the signs conspicuously inform us, all nearly full, with both men and women perched on top—a seat preferred by many, even in unpleasant weather, there being no difference in the price.

For one shilling, (25 cents) these 'busses, as some call them, will carry you a distance of about ten miles, and no distance whatever for less than six-pence. A conductor, who is usually paid three pounds (\$15,) per week for his services, stands at the door of each to attend upon passengers, and we have found them, so far, very attentive and full of suavity.

Indeed, we feel bound to say that we have been quite agreeably disappointed, as to our expectations in regard to the English people and their manners. They are not, by any means, what we imagined them to be, judging from our views of too many of them at home. We suspect that the better kind remain here among their kindred and old associations, and that very frequently those who visit America with such pretensions to consequence, have some pressing reason, besides curiosity, for abandoning their native land. Of course there are many excellent English emigrants in the U. States, some of whom we have the pleasure of numbering as personal friends; but our remarks apply to those dogmatic, supercilious, dissatisfied individuals, who affect a contempt for every thing American, and an air of royal disgust for luxuries they never scented at home, behind their filthy counters at White-chapel or St. Giles.

But to return to the omnibusses: they are an amazing convenience in this populous city, whose ten thousand streets, alleys, places and courts, and whose far-reaching extremities, it would be impossible to explore without their assistance. They are universally employed by all classes, and the women, if anything, countenance them still more than the masculine gender:

"Some ladies there are who, betwixt you and I,
Are fond of a 'bus' when a sweetheart is nigh."

But, the omnibusses, numerous as they were, did not quite usurp the road. We beheld one, two

three, four, yes five pony phaetons, gliding along with the ease and lightness of birds, full of joyous eyes and laughing faces, and drawn by the prettiest little miniature animals ever manufactured in fairy-land for Cinderella, their tiny hoofs pitter-patter over the smooth stones, like the frightened heart of a timid maiden at sight of the idol of its first devotion.

Next came a *ci-devant* Royal Mail Coach, now simply Stage Coach for the conveyance of passengers to distant points not touched by any one of the innumerable railroads that are branching out, like the hundred hands of Briareus, to grasp every accessible spot on the island. The mail-coach still preserves some of its ancient pride, and much of its show and flourish. Blazing stars, and rampant lions, in all the glory of gold-leaf, bedizen the royal initials and insignia, upon its sides of polished and glittering dark-green or purple, while the merry laugh from the jolly crowd on the "roof," or the obstreperous jest from the spirited party in the "dickey" behind, still rings in our ears, and haunts us with its musical heartiness.

A lady, on horseback, modestly attired in the customary endless skirt of shadowy hue, with a jaunty black beaver hat on her head, and long bright ringlets streaming down and over her round cheeks, ruddy with exercise, was also trotting past us, managing her beautiful and vivacious bay with a skill, ease and grace, that argued frequent practice. A lady *en cheval*, is, at all times, charming to look at, and English women, generally, ride often, much, and very well.

Talking of English women, here we have been poignantly deceived again. We expected to meet few besides lovely ones, in the street, with complexions calculated to shame the lily and rose, and suggest to both the propriety of deceasing with envy and mortification. But we were egregiously mistaken. Those flowers have not the slightest reason to keep themselves informed of the state of the baneful-drug market, on this account. Certainly, we saw yesterday in Hyde Park, peeping from amid the blue or crimson curtains of an occasional haughty-looking carriage, some fair faces wearing an air of *distinction*, and entitled to be called interesting, if not pretty; but, as a general remark, female beauty is exceedingly rare here; and, on our honor, with every disposition to be candid and generous, we must say that we have met in ten minutes, more handsome features in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and Market street, Baltimore, than could be encountered here in almost as many hours. We say nothing of Broadway, New York, for it is a vulgar and common observation, that a decent countenance cannot promenade that street except at the imminent hazard of "catching the ugly;" and the notion is almost as applicable to Regent and Oxford streets in this city, whether one gaze at the meretricious displays *en voiture*, or at, (where we conceive feminine beauty is oftener to be found,) the more

unassuming throng who are not ashamed to make a legitimate use of the limbs with which Nature has provided them. As a whole, the men are finer-looking than the women, in this country. They are of a proper height, symmetrical, well-knit and muscular, while handsome faces are by no means uncommon in every rank of life. The women, however, are unquestionably engaging in their manners, are blessed to a great extent with sweet voices and kind hearts, and make affectionate wives and exemplary mothers.

But, to get back to our post whence we are ever rumbling: at a respectful distance from the lady on horseback rode her escort, a servant in livery, with white knee-breeches, gaiters, &c., and in a black coat and a "brown study." A little beyond, a large, clumsy vehicle, its old and tarnished embellishments bespattered with mud, was rumbling by, with a smartly caped coachman on the box in front, a male and female servant seated in the curious fixture behind, and four jaded post-horses, the two left hand ones being mounted by post-boys in knowing caps, pink jackets, white knee-breeches and fair-top boots. Some proud family was, no doubt, returning from the country to its mansion in town.

Satisfied with our view, we turned down the Haymarket, glanced at the Italian Opera House, smiled at the appearance of some two or three loungers against the pillars of the theatre—fellows who displayed all their linen between their cravats and the first button of their waistcoats, linen too that manifested a singular ignorance of the price and quality of soap, and fellows whom it was easy to distinguish by their air as *attaches* of the drama who, "after giving away realms and treasures over night, have scarce a shilling to pay for a breakfast in the morning"—and then sauntering by Pall Mall and Charing Cross, towards the Strand, stopped to admire the pair of diminutive fountains and the lofty monument to Nelson, in Trafalgar Square.

We have promised to avoid all the usual descriptions of public places, engravings of which are in the hands of "all the world and his wife," but we may be permitted to mention that the buildings around Trafalgar Square present a very grand and imposing appearance, if we except the National Gallery, which is an extensive but homely edifice. The Club-houses about Pall Mall, too, are showy, though excelled by those of St. James street, perhaps, in every particular. The front of the Duke of Northumberland's attracted our attention by its "Lion of Percy"—a rather stupid one, we thought, with a tail projected at a rigid right-angle, as if it had formed a previous intimacy with a glue-pot.

We wandered on, and round, and through Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the new law-building had just been opened with appropriate ceremonies by the Queen; and thence back into Fleet street, by Temple Bar—an archway of stone, of the Corinthian order, built by Sir Christopher

Wren, after the great fire. It was originally one of the city entrances, and has still its posterns and gates—the city proper, of London, being limited extremely in extent. We had explored the Temple, another of the legal precincts, and returned to Fleet street, when we found it completely impassable. A dense mass of people filled it, and a rapid tide of shouting and boisterous humanity was pouring into it besides, from the Strand, Drury-Lane, and Ludgate Hill. In fact it was the Lord Mayor's day. The new officer, elected by the "Livery" of the different "Guilds," was about to be inducted into his seat, which he retains for a twelve-month, with all the extravagant ceremony usual to the occasion. The procession was about to turn into Fleet street, at the time we entered it, and hence the tumult and gathering. We were instantly jammed into a very inconsiderable space, with our boots in a puddle of mud, our heels against the curbstone, and a solid phalanx of flesh and muscle, not a small portion of which was petticoated, pressing us on every side, as if to test our capacity for physical endurance. We submitted to the martyrdom quietly, for there was an infinite deal of merriment in the mob, and remonstrance would have been useless. Some of our neighbors tried their skill, at a few of the sounding expletives in which our language is prolific; but what are oaths?

"If you have sworn men, into agues, sir,
Don't try your skill on me! My parrot
Swears, as well as you!"

So we held on, amusing ourselves by staring at the ancient palace of Henry VIII. and of Cardinal Wolsey, now converted into a barber-shop, which stood directly *vis-a-vis* to where we were literally, a fixture, until the gay cortege should think proper to approach. The cruel and iniquitous conduct of this tyrant King, the unhappy fate of Anne Boleyn, and the arrogant ambition of the haughty Minister, afforded us scope enough for thought while looking at what was once the great theatre of their shame and glory. But, our musings were suddenly abbreviated by the flourish of music, and the advance of a body of horsemen. To these succeeded the pupils of the Marine School on foot—then seamen, with banners, under the weight or importance of which they fairly staggered—more music—vehicles with Aldermen, &c.—Sheriffs in gay attire—more music—Knights encased from head to foot in ancient armor of brass and steel, mounted upon horses hidden under a similar panoply of burnished metal plates—the late Lord Mayor in a white wig and a green coach, the latter laden with ornaments of gold, and preceded and followed by a juvenile army of attendants in a livery of the most dramatic and sumptuous character—more music—more horses, more armor, more carriages, and finally the Lord Mayor-elect, in a new coach of immense size, glittering with costly magnificence, profusely decorated, and drawn by eight superb horses fancifully caparisoned, and ridden by postillions in equally pompous costume. A

torrent of new servants in a new and still more grand livery of crimson cloth, gold lace, cocked-hat, &c. succeeded, when more music and more horsemen brought up the rear.

We fell into the retreating tide that swept towards St. Paul's, and now came the season of mirth. The populace were determined to make this a day of enjoyment, and the street was soon occupied at all points by mofutebanks, who essayed to drive a profitable trade amid the crowd. Every few steps a band of musicians made the air melodious with scraps from *La Sonnambula*, *Il Puritani*, &c. or regaled us with "God save the Queen," with embellishments ad lib. In one spot some wrestlers exerted themselves, making the mud fly at all angles, or, for they were dressed in the usual circus style, they piled themselves up into monuments, or twisted themselves into knots, always concluding by the monotonous projection of a cap into the throng for eleemosynary pennies. At another spot a circular space had been cleared, and two fellows in theatrical costume were dancing hornpipes, minuets, &c. on the greasy, wooden, paved way, with the same pecuniary object. Farther on were two vocalists entertaining the public with an original duett, eulogizing the new officer and cauterizing the late incumbent. They sang with sufficient vehemence, if not skill, and shouts of applause greeted every severe thrust at the deceased lion.

The next we met was a Paganini of the Tom Thumb order. He was torturing a violin shamefully, but his want of height carried it "all hollow" against his want of ability, and the coppers rattled bountifully into his papa's "ventilating gossamer," through the openings in the crown of which, paper had been stuffed, to render the "tile" trustworthy. Two small girls, with a morose-looking man, were singing popular music to the accompaniment of an accordion, at still a little distance onward. They had sweet voices and melancholy countenances, and poverty was written very intelligibly, (and we thought ill-usage too,) in their sad little eyes. They did, it was pleasant to perceive, a lucrative business.

Many other performers were seeking to attract notice in various ways, and the venders of songs, candies, roasted-potatoes, toys, medicines, gingerbread, &c., were not idle by any means. "Grapes, grapes—fourpence a pound and a quarter for penny," squeaked one individual, thrusting a handful of his merchandise almost into our mouth. "Here's old jokes made new again for nothing, and two 'undred new 'uns a-going for a' a' penny." "Taters! taters! betterer for yer wholesomes than bread, and cheaperer than polonies," i. e. Bologna sausages. "Is there anybody here vat don't want to die ratsomdever? Ere's the 'intment vat giv'd Methusalem his years, and Solomon his visdom! It sharpens the vit, and takes the hedge off misfortin! It makes young men true, and young vimen truerer! It

makes the 'ead light and the purse 'eavy; old folks young and young 'uns clever enough to come it over the hold covers! It tells fortins, 'terprits dreams, and makes riddles! This 'ere 'intment is born magical from Egypt, and will do everything almost, besides a good deal more! A box of 'intment, sir?" But we passed on. A shew next presented itself with "six munificent sights for only one a'penny." Among the sights was "New York in the time of the Cholery."

Beggars too seized this opportunity, and one horrible looking article of a very questionable gender, stopped our progress, and declared it would have a fit at our feet, if we did not produce a penny. A glimpse at a glazed hat, (a policeman) at a little distance, induced this rascal to evaporate, when another presented himself, sitting in a bowl, having lost his pedal "continuations." We were told that, in a fit of despair, once, he had thrown himself into a steam-cutting machine, and sadly mangled his "sit-down" extremity. Time and a surgeon, however, soon restored him. He travelled well in his bowl, and was to us a sort of living illustration of Shakspeare—

"There's a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Shaking off these annoyances, we pursued our way down Cheapside towards Cornhill, to get a view of The Exchange and the Bank of England. The Bank is a mis-shapen structure, too low for its length, but the Exchange, recently restored and finished by Victoria is in very good taste. A finished statue of the Queen occupies a prominent place in it, and on the ceiling of the outer promenade are some very skilful efforts of the pencil. The coats of arms of the various nations of the world are also depicted there. That of the United States is exactly opposite the entrance, but is so vile a copy, we could scarcely recognize it.

Fatigued almost to death we prepared to retrace our footsteps, and after pausing to smile at the drolleries of Punch and Judy, exhibited in one of the streets in our route, and to admire the sagacious gravity of the dog, who seemed to endure the buffetings that fell to his share with unparalleled patience, soon found ourself at our Hotel, discussing a chicken, and the propriety of inditing, (what we fear our readers will pronounce,) this tedious epistle. Du SOLLE.

NO. VII.

Nice Weather—Green Park—Physic and Fancy
—Regent Street—St. James' Palace—Crock-
ford's Hell—Buckingham Palace—Dens of
Misery and Want—Westminster Abbey—A
stroll amid its peopled solitude.

LONDON, 20th Nov., 1845.

And this is what is called a "London" day! The smoke-fog is so thick in the streets that it imparts even to one's flesh "an 'ammy flavor," as my Lord Bacon might have observed had he dealt in epithetical philosophy. One might readily

fancy that all the teeth belonging to the more than two millions of "forked radishes" who inhabit this monstrous metropolis, had been, at once, afflicted this morning with "odontalgia"—to use the diction of the newspaper advertisements—the very atmosphere is so impregnated with Kreosote. At the same time, a drizzling rain is visiting the earth with anything but freshness, while a raw and searching wind penetrates every crevice, filling the mind with dispiriting emotions, and the body with what a facetious friend of ours has just called the "poet's palsy," or 'room-attic' disorder. The streets of London, at no time intimately acquainted with cleanliness, are at present beyond all description filthy. The wood and stone are completely concealed beneath a garment of unctuous mud that slips at the lightest tread of the pedestrian, with a treacherous facility that promises every moment the most musical results—an *alagio* movement, for instance, with *volti subito*, pleasantly imprinted upon each corner.

Oh! it is a delicious day, to be sure; and yet, having once more disposed of the doctor, we long to scrape off the verdegis of a week's coerced sojourn within doors, and to acquire an appetite for something besides the preparations of pharmacy. It is very true that physic is said to inspire some minds, and fancy others. Byron's Don Juan is attributed to gin and water, and Burke's Sublime and Beautiful to the fly-blister with which that eloquent gentleman irritated his stomach to excite his nervous energies: and Bayes tells us, "If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only, but when I have a grand design on hand, I ever take physic and let blood." But Bayes be hanged!

"To keep us from sorrow good-humor's the armour;"

and with plenty of clothing, and a determination, like Mark Tapley, to "be jolly," under all circumstances, what is to hinder us from enjoying ourself, and with one thumb at our nose, bidding defiance of both the weather and the "azure" demons? So behold us venturing omnibus-ward, on our way to Westminster Abbey, the most appropriate lounge we can think of, at such a season.

It is here, as it is at home in one respect; the omnibusses are always running East, when you are in a particular hurry to go West, and vice versa; however, by dint of patience, we have paid our sixpence, had our ride, and are set down in Piccadilly, near the Duke of Devonshire's, and at the lower end of Green Park.

Let us enter the Park. They have torn down a portion of the old wall at this point, and are rebuilding one, a few feet farther in, so as to widen the foot-way on Piccadilly—a decided improvement. The wall is, we perceive, being constructed of brick, and is to be surmounted with a

plain iron railing. By the way, the bricks of London, no more resemble the bricks of Liverpool, than they do the bricks of Philadelphia. When new they are of a yellowish brown color, something like under-baked bread. The smoke soon converts them to a very dark, melancholy grey, bestowing even upon comparatively modern buildings a sober, solemn air of antiquity. Hence, the more elegant mansions and "shops," (as all stores however extensive are called here,) are plastered, and then painted, generally a yellowish cream color, and it is this, with the ornamental style of architecture in common use, that invests the better streets with so much florid beauty. Regent street, (the Chestnut street or Broadway of London,) looks, at night, when illuminated with its legion of fashionable shops, like a congregation of palaces, and yet divested of its paint and plaster, its vehicles, pedestrians, and all its other extensive embellishments, it would present, we suspect, a rather sorry aspect—a sort of modern Venus, robbed of the artistical assistance to which it owes its "form and pressure," if not its "body," for the time. *Neanmois*, Regent street is a most magnificent thoroughfare, despite of all this hypercritical disparagement.

Return we now to Green Park. It is well named, for how remarkably green is its gently undulating surface of grass, even at this late season! That oblong basin of water must be delightful to gaze at in summer! and those large and lofty dwellings, with gardens before them, fronting on the park, the iron gateways of some shadowed by a sylvan bower of flowering plants: what charming residences for hearts that, amid this whirlpool of dissipation, can relish the simple loveliness of rural nature! Yet, strange as it may seem, and it is but another illustration of the truism that extremes seek each other, and meet throughout all conditions, for we now stand in the very hot-bed of an artificial existence, with all its gorgeous pomp, its splendid misery, its gilded vice and its hollow courtesies!

Yonder, where the faces of the two red-coated soldiers, peep from beneath their huge fur caps, stands St. James' Palace—quite a plain residence of Royalty. Its every avenue has a couple of crimson shoulders, with gleaming bayonets upon them, parading before it day and night. Just now, the crimson can only be seen in glimpses from under the gray overcoat that this chilling weather renders a very comfortable investment; and those tall boxes on either side of the entrances, which we must not mistake for elongated dog-houses, nor for white coffins, are the sentry-boxes for the use, when on duty, of these good-looking members of the "Coldstream Guards."

A little farther this way, and within ear-shot, (not to mention musket-shot,) of St. James', is the celebrated "hell" of "Old Crocky," as its

proprietor, Mr. Crockford, is familiarly termed. It is the most extraordinary and most aristocratic gaming establishment, perhaps, in the world; but it has been so minutely described in every language as to render all description on our part superfluous. Mr. C., who is a very illiterate character, has realized a princely fortune from it. His cellar of wines alone, is said to be worth three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His cook is the renowned M. Ude, at a salary of five thousand dollars per annum. His profits are put down at half a million of dollars in the year. And we see it stated, that, on a certain occasion, the enormous sum of five millions of dollars was "turned over," i. e. won and lost, by different branches of the nobility, at this house, in the course of one evening of eight hours!

Hundreds have entered these golden saloons, full of the joyous hopes and exhilarating prospects that awaited them as the possessors of incalculable wealth, and have come out beggars in purse, and something worse in principle—without even the excuse of the ancients who, it is said, invented play in order to forget hunger, and indulged in dice as a sort of substitute for dinner. Many a one, no doubt, has walked this very gravel path, after an evening spent in that magnificent pile, in a state of mental agony that only the unsuccessful gambler can realize; and has, gazed into those cool waters from which only the tiny iron barrier separated him, with an inclination that had very little to do with the bright romances of youth, or the luxurious suppers and recherche wines, (the envy of monarchs,) with which Crockford adroitly embellishes the highway to destruction!

These other buildings are the domiciles of distinguished men. They are on the left, as we proceed; to the right, the Park extends its verdant bosom to the triumphal arch at the junction of Grosvenor Place and Piccadilly. That gentle swell which you perceive between us and Hyde Park corner is called Constitution Hill, and those sheep you see nibbling the grass upon it, and looking so dirty, fat and innocent—they are evidently mis-placed here by design, it may be to add a pastoral feature to the scene, and it may be to prepare themselves for the Sovereign's table.

Perhaps you will ask what is this broad carriage-way, and what these extremely wide foot-paths, all fringed with regular rows of stately trees, and cutting off our passage in this direction? Look to the right. Observe where the splendid avenues lead to. That lofty, and not inelegant structure, the approach to which is through another triumphal arch, with another couple of bayonets, crimson coats, gray surtouts and white gloves, beside it, was once Buckingham House, and is now Buckingham Palace—the winter home of Britain's Queen. It is of stone, and somewhat elaborate in its style, but, either from

the rain and wind that dim our vision, or the smoke that has dimmed its greatness, it does not wear, to us, that imposing grandeur and costliness of appearance which one would expect to see characterize the "local habitation" of the ruler of so great and opulent a people. Honestly speaking, it is about the size, and certainly not as handsome a structure, as the City Hall, New York. The latter has, to be sure, the advantage of color, and a transparent atmosphere. Marble is rarely used in London, and when used, rapidly becomes as dingy as granite. What new beauties Buckingham Palace, therefore, might present us, if purified in its exterior and viewed by the broad glare of an American sunlight, we will not pretend to conjecture.

Let us approach the Palace. Muskets bristle at every entrance. How much the uniform of these Guards reminds us of Col. Page's company of State Fencibles of Philadelphia! The two are really fac-similes of each other. And, saving our national prejudice against the sanguinary hue of the cloth, the uniform is very pretty. Those tall fur caps, however, are out of proportion excepting on the heads of men above the medium height. The Fencibles have an eye to this fact, but some of the Guards have ludicrously underlooked it when contemplating their own importance.

Now we turn to the left again, and pursue this carriage road until it debouches into James st. St. James' Park, which we have thus neglected, is a lovely spot, and we will traverse it as we return. We choose this route to the Abbey because it takes us through the abodes of indigence and wretchedness. We have just passed the homes of luxury, opulence and authority, and there is nothing like a bold contrast to perfect a mental picture. Poverty and wealth, want and abundance, form the chiar-oscuro, the bright lights and intense shadows of Life's landscape; and there is not a better remedy in the books for ennui than the contemplation of human misery. If you feel sad, or discontented, wander amid the abiding places of those who have incomparably greater reason to complain of the dispensations of Providence. You will find it more efficacious than all the verbosity of Seneca and Hippocrates. The recipes of the one, or the philosophy of the other, will furnish no such spirit of contentment—which, after all, is the true elixir of human felicity.

A host of little, dark, crooked and dirty lanes outstretch themselves here, like the ramifications of a spider's web, to catch the reckless or the unsophisticated. Vice holds her court in this region as extensively as upon the other side of the Palace, but her ministers and subjects belong to a very different stratum of society. Despair in rags and, despair in robes are not the same individuals, however physiologically identical; and while the ruined at Crockford's may behold

a Circe in the Serpentine, the undone in this vicinity are more likely to gaze into the Thames, or embrace the mirrored reflection of the new Parliament Houses from the marble balustrade of Westminster bridge, which is quite as convenient.

One is struck here with the multiplied evidences of crime and poverty. Children run about half-naked. Men and women sneak into and out of surreptitious gin-shops, with big-bellied bottles vainly concealed beneath cloaks whose gaping mouths betray at once their own and their wearer's infirmity. Painted cheeks and sinister eyes meet your gaze on projecting door-sills, while red hands seem to grasp at your coat-pockets from blind alleys and suspicious window-panes. We miss, however, one index of destitution, "wherever you sees poverty, there you sees oysters," observes the sagacious Samivel Weller; and we have often remarked, in American cities, that oyster-cellars are nowhere so singularly abundant as in the very purlieus of want and licentiousness. The observation will not hold good in London. Oysters, like all other edibles, are costly, though, in this country; and the best, (which are called "native," and are exposed in shop-windows, with the shells nicely cleaned, in tubs of water,) are extremely small indeed, possessing, besides, a somewhat unpleasant metallic flavor. Poverty could not make much out of such homœopathic doses of food, whether as purchaser or retailer, unless, in the latter case, it combined the sale of the infinitesimal luxury with some other pursuit, and

"Sometimes sold, perchance, a fish,
And sometimes soled a shoe."

We observed that fresh herrings are universally consumed in this quarter. They are very cheap, and every shop window is big with intelligence of their price and quality. They seem to be, too, a fish suited to this sinful locality; and, it appears to us, the millionaire-moralists of London would do well, when they have no "other fish to fry," to turn their attention towards what a cockney would call, these 'erring people.

Before us, now, rise the two tall towers of Westminster Abbey. We know them at a glance. How sombre the huge building looks as we approach it! Yet how full of sublime majesty is its solemn time-worn proportions! We instinctively lift our hat as we draw nigh. We reverence old age—particularly the wonderful old age of a life so replete with world-renowned and spirit-stirring events. This is one of the proud monuments of our nature, "a little lower than the angels." For centuries have those grey walls withstood the assaults of Time; yet there they stand, as indigent of fear, as scornfully indomitable, as when they first threw down the gauntlet to old Chronos. One could stand and muse for hours on their hoary front, finding "sermons in

stones" indeed, and listening to the many touching tales they would have to relate of by-gone days, and dim and distant eras of humanity.

In walking around the building a sensation of awe overshadows the sunshine of one's spirit. The song of yonder carpenter at his work, almost makes one sick—its merry strain has in it so much of sacrifice, when heard amid the funeral chambers of a so sacred spot. Even the little bird, that has perched himself upon the top of one of the sculptured pinnacles of elaborate workmanship that ornament the flying buttresses of the Chapel of Henry VII. has broke out into a cheerful whistle that seems horribly dissonant, and we should feel wonderfully like awaking him to a sense of decency, could we perceive a pebble-stone within reach of us, adapted to the purpose.

Let us enter. Those black gowns gliding about the aisles, and disappearing in the cloistered gloom at intervals, are not apparitions, though at this distance they might seem so. They are the familiars of the place—the vergers—the living worms amid this pile of mouldering mortality—and one of them will ask for sixpence directly—an admirable mode of dispelling, for the moment, all the romantic associations of the spot, and bringing you back from the tenth and eleventh centuries to Anno Domini 1845.

An arched door opens, and the interior of the Abbey lies before us in grand perspective and in all its antique and dreary magnificence. The sun at this moment has struggled himself through a cloud, and as if to heighten the scene, has poured a rich stream of glory through the gorgeously painted glass of the tall windows of one of the transepts. It is beautiful! That little bit of sunlight has infused a new life into the old walls. The rose-window, and the marigold-window, reflect back the day-beam from their multitudinous and picturesquely colored panes, and a thousand before hidden attractions leap into sight. The gigantic dimensions of the building now break upon the eye in all their immensity, and the huge, clustering columns stand out in bold relief, their vast arches rushing up into the dark vault above, as if to secrete themselves from human observation.

We pass on, holding our breath at the profound stillness that gives to our footsteps so hollow a sound upon these testated marble pavements, and listening to the mysterious reverberations that seem to be communicating from one extreme of the hallowed pile to the other the presence of an outer-world intruder. We tread softly here, for we are amid a crowded assembly of the dead. The sombre arcades; the massy pillars crumbling slowly beneath the touch of age; the mural monuments discolored by time; the damp walls; the marble figures of Kings, Queens, Nobles, Warriors, and mitred Prelates strewn around; and over all the slow finger-work of

decay, obliterating the running of the chisel, and mocking at human pomp, power and display: they conjure up, in the dread hush of this peopled solitude, a thousand images of dismay, until one's blood runs cold, and a vague fear induces one to look around involuntarily for escape from the living sepulchre.

And here we pause for the moment. Our letter will grow too long, and having gotten the reader among the tombs, we leave him, until our next number, to his meditations.

DU SOLLE.

NO. VIII.

Westminster Abbey—Chapel Henry VII.—Genl. Wolfe—Maj. Andre—odd epitaphs—the great Pitt—sculpture—Poet's Corner—Westminster Hall—Queen's Bench—Lord Denman—St. James Park—the lake, shrubberies, birds, &c.—home.

LONDON, 20 Nov., 1845.

We had our reader with us, in our last, wandering amid the lofty arcades and massive magnificence of Westminster Abbey.

Is it not a glorious old pile! a fit mausoleum for kings! Tread lightly; for here lie not only the embalmed relics of those who have filled the world with terror at their gigantic ambition, but the remains, too, of those gentle beings, whose quaint thoughts are identified with all the kinder feelings of humanity, whose very souls seem a part of our own, and with whom we have held sweet converse in books from childhood. Here they repose, God bless them! Shakspeare, Pope, Addison, Gay and the whole noble phalanx of Earth's mighty minds. What is the hollow pageantry of Kings, compared to the solitary tear of honest feeling that swells up unbidden to the memory of these benefactors of mankind! Even the stranger from a far-off land pauses in sincere homage at their names, and turns with a sigh from their simple greatness, to contemplate the parish grandeur of the beds of monarchy, as but so many bitter lessons of humility!

Let us saunter on. The nine or ten side chapels of the Abbey are all occupied with the monuments of illustrious men. This one before us is the royal chapel of Henry VII. It is gorgeous in its magnificence. A sumptuous brazen railing, with brazen gates, surround the tomb on which lie stretched the marble effigies of Henry and Elizabeth. Everything around is costly and elegant. The fretted roof of marble, exquisitely sculptured; the gold purple banners, now torn, faded and dusty, of the Knights of the Bath; these proud stalls, upon the pinnacles of which are suspended an army of scarfs, helmets, crests and swords, that almost breathe of chivalry; the walls laden with elaborate sculpture, encrusted with delicate tracery, or scooped into niches filled with the statues of martyrs and saints: nothing has been spared that taste, luxury and

and wealth could command, to render it a fit sepulchre for the wildest and haughtiest dreamer of immortality.

What a multitude of titles meet us as we stroll around—titles made familiar by history. Here is a chaste monument to Genl. Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, and there is a chaste one to Major Andre. Yes, every American knows his brief career. His fate is prettily glozed over by the artist, and—but let that pass. Here too, is Sir Isaac Newton, and a hundred others lie around, whose fame is common property, and who belong not to England, but to the world.

What rare old epitaphs! What ingenious monuments! What a strange confusion of conditions! Here reposes Mary, Queen of Scots, looking lovely even in stone, her errors forgotten in our sympathy for her misfortunes. Opposite to her, sleeps Queen Elizabeth, her enemy to the grave—an enmity we can almost trace in the carved tightness of the lip and nostril, that are turned towards her beautiful rival. Here we behold the noble minded Pitt—the acute statesman and the honest man. When it was heresy to speak the truth, he raised himself from his sick-bed, and with his trembling finger pointing toward the West, dared to confront an English Parliament and say, "I rejoice that America has resisted! Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest." Yes; here lies the great Pitt, and beyond him his eloquent antagonist, the celebrated Fox. Earls, Marquises, Generals, Poets, Admirals, &c., are scattered about and intermixed with curious irregularity. The loving and the loved; the bating and the hated; the haughty and the humble; all repose tranquilly in their marble beds, their hopes, their fears, their animosities, their prejudices and their dignity, alike forgotten in the common republicanism of the grave.

The chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, in front of the choir, now arrests our steps. In the midst of it stands the shrine in which the ashes of that pious but superstitious sovereign are entombed. On the frieze of a mutilated, but still imposing screen, are sculptured the leading events in his legendary history. Those rough oak chairs, rudely gilded, are the coronation chairs; and that common-looking stone, fixed in the frame of one, is said to be the very stone of which Jacob made a pillow when he had his beatific dream in Palestine. Tradition, we suspect, only plays in this, her usual part, in the great game of delusion. The tombs of several Kings and Queens, with recumbent effigies upon them—the female figures with particularly small waists! are around us in this chapel. A beautiful monumental chapel, also enriched with statues and sculpture, surmounts the tomb of Henry V. The figure of the King is headless. The head happened to be cast in

silver. Some rogue, discovering the fact has manifested his affection for the King by abstracting it.

Let us ascend again the shrine of Edward. What a view presents itself! The aisles, the walls, all seem peopled with life. Dusky figures appear kneeling on cushions, or lying in state, with hands upraised to Heaven in supplication. Here Death is leaping from out a gaping tomb, his dart poised for the bosom of a drooping female, while her husband madly seeks to avert the blow. There, again, Death is grovelling in the dust beneath the tread of Time, who proudly points to the rescue and coming immortality of the anticipated victim. Grim warriors, with all the panoply of battle at their side, look as if snatching on their arms, a brief repose. The mosaic pavement before the altar-piece grows dim. One can almost fancy that it gapes, and that from its dark bosom misty forms ascend from their chambers in the grave, and noiselessly glide into their places beneath the coroneted stones that speak of their illustrious deeds. A laugh from some new visitor dispels the solemn illusion; and with a feeling of pity for the costly efforts of pride and ambition to rescue themselves for a few years from forgetfulness, we prepare to return.

This cross-aisle or transept, by which we retire, is commonly known as "Poet's Corner." It is chiefly appropriated to the remains of men of Letters. Handel has the most elegant monument in this division of the Abbey. Shakspeare has also been thus eulogized in marble. His statue is a very beautiful piece of sculpture. His right hand points to a scroll upon which are graven some of his own immortal words, viz :

"Its Cloud-capt Towers,
Its Gorgeous Palaces,
Its Solemn Temples,
Yea, the great Globe itself,
And all which it Inherits,
Shall Dissolve,
And like the baseless Fabrick of a Vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Addison has found a friend proud to honor him with a monument; but Chaucer, Spencer, Gay, Dryden, Jonson, Milton, Butler and the rest, have generally plain tablets, medallions, or simple inscriptions, contributed by some titled, posthumous patron, who has, in nearly every case, taken especial pains to blazon his own munificence, and commend its remembrance to posterity, along with the merits and virtues of the deceased.

"The poet's fate is here in Emblem shewn.
He asked for bread and he received a stone."

It is a question whether the dead or the living are the more exalted by such flattery. These master-spirits have carved out their own monuments—monuments that will endure as long as language is made the vehicle of thought—and a few bits of stone, or a few empty words, more or less, can neither add to, nor diminish their claims upon the grateful remembrance of mankind.

We make our exit through an arched door-way in the thick wall, and in a moment how changed the scene! How fresh the air smells! We enter the old Palace Yard, now a goodly street, and are surprised to find that we have spent several hours among the dead. The clock of the Abbey is telling three; but the sun is smiling gaily, the clouds have nearly all vanished, and we can yet take time to make observations on our way home. The streets are smoky, of course, for they are never otherwise; but then they look so cheerful and companionable after our solitary communion with the quiet, the long past and gone.

This large building opposite to us is Westminster Hall. By the idlers around its door, we perceive that the Court of Queen's Bench is in session. Suppose we take a glance at its proceedings. Let us enter. Those gentlemen in black, flowing gowns, with large, coarse, white wigs upon their heads, are barristers. They reach the Court-room by that private door. We pursue this passage-way, turn to the left, ascend a step or two, and are in the presence of the presumed ministers of justice.

It is very unlike the simplicity of similar public places in the United States. The judges, seated beneath that carved canopy, are also clothed in black gowns and white wigs—the upper portion of the gown, if our eyes deceive us not, being trimmed with real or fictitious ermine. The costume is startling to a stranger, but when one gets accustomed to the sight, it seems appropriate, and it is probably calculated to inspire respect on the part of the multitude. This seems the more necessary in a nation where the masses have so small a voice in the preparation of the laws which govern them, and hence are naturally less disposed to esteem those who interpret or administer them.

That stout gentleman in the central seat upon the bench, with his head leaning upon his hand, and a pair of frowning eyes directed towards the door, is the Chief Justice, Lord Denman. He has acquired some celebrity, and if he were in any other mood, it would be interesting to peruse his countenance. Just now he is probably meditating vengeance upon the delinquent whose name has been called repeatedly, but who, conceiving with Pope, perchance, that a "*non est* man is the noblest work," &c., refuses to bring his auriculars within reach of the Judge's vocal organ. The court-room seems to be very limited; it is chiefly taken up with those divisions resembling church-pews, and intended for the accommodation of the gentlemen of the bar; to remain here long is, therefore, uncomfortable. So allons.

That wide street to the left will conduct us to Westminster Bridge, but as we approach it, cast back a look at that statue of Mr. Canning. Do

you recollect his fate? Energetic but impulsive, he was hurried to his grave by the relentless antagonism and persecution, as Premier, of the present ministers. Their hostility to one of his noblest and most philanthropic principles, drove him from both power and existence; yet they have involuntarily done homage to his statesmanship by carrying out the very scheme of public policy, for suggesting and pursuing which they hunted him into his resting place in the Abbey. There is one thing we really admire in Great Britain—she never forgets the great men who sacrifice themselves in public service. When their voice is no longer heard in the Senate-house, or when the cannon no more peals its thunder at their bidding, they still live in storied marble. The people are made to gaze upon their sculptured effigies in the public streets, or in some ancient hall endeared to history, and ruminating upon their glory, to feel a new impulse to noble deeds or patriotic exertions.

But here is Westminster Bridge. Observe how deeply the carriage-way is sunk below the level of the side-paths. The whole structure appears to be of stone, and on either side is a heavy marble balustrade that must have been exceedingly costly in its execution. This is rather an inferior bridge, we are told, in comparison with the half dozen or more that serve to connect London with its other, certainly not its 'better' half over the river. Still, the travel over this highway is wonderful. The mud, which you see is being seraped off for the second time to-day, and averages a depth now, of at least three inches, is evidence enough of this. But stay, let us enumerate the contents of the bridge, at this moment, for our amusement. There are, one, two, three, yes, four omnibusses, two wagons, a coach, five private vehicles, a cat, and a dozen of oxen, in the middle-way, and just twenty-six foot passengers, crossing it at this instant. Enough, in all conscience.

A good view of the Thames, (pronounced *Tems*—how the English do clip off their words!) is afforded at this point. The new Parliament Houses, in progress of erection, may be gazed at for hours. They are very extensive, and when finished, will present a noble front to the river. To our taste their is nothing comparable to them, at present, in London. The Thames, here, is about the size of the Schuylkill; and were it not for the beautiful dwellings that adorn its margin and sweep down to its water's edge, would be, with its muddy hue, a dull stream. The towers, the monuments, the steeples, the palaces, the air of wealth and grandeur that pervades its vicinity, bestow upon it quite a look of romance, some times, singularly inconsistent with its intrinsic insignificance.

We leave the bridge, and taking our way along

this broad thoroughfare—George st.—we enter the upper end of St. James Park. Here is stationed another soldier. He looks to see if we have a dog with us as we pass, as only bipeds are admitted to this charming promenade. Let us take this pretty little gravel-walk. It conducts us to the margin of a picturesque sheet of water, a miniature lake, temptingly quiet and pellucid. Above us, a petit peninsular is crowned with a tiny cottage, poetic in its very form, color and position. Below, where the stream winds its silver way, you may see a wooded island, the music of whose feathered songsters, secure in their shady retreat, you can almost hear at this distance. Is not this a lovely spot? See with what taste the shrubberies are interspersed. The indigenous and exotic plants are all, you perceive, carefully labelled to gratify the student of botany. In summer this must be delightful! What a place for lovers! Here are benches, too, at intervals, for the weary. And only mark the confidence of the birds! They fly down from the trees, and hop up to us with a chirp! chirp! chirp! as if the little mendicants knew we had a biscuit in our pocket, and were sure we would give it to them.

And so we will. We love birds, for they always seem so happy. Our little store is soon emptied upon the path; but here come other claimants upon our bounty. Two swans, and a flock of aquatic birds of various kinds rush across the lake, and presuming upon our good nature, dispute at our feet, with the birds, for the provision. Well, let them eat. The birds have actually perched themselves upon our person, and the swans are examining our hands with their broad bills, petitioning for something additional. It is amusing to watch the little creatures, their eyes dancing with anxious avidity, and their motions exhibiting such mutual jealousy of even the favors of a stranger.

An official in livery approaches. He is doubtless one of those to whose care the Park is committed. He drives our mute companions away, and suggests that in feeding them we have been superseding him in one of his functions! Why the fellow is as inflated with his importance, and as jealous of power as that King of Prussia who, we are told, went so far as to arrogate the right to regulate all the mouse-traps in his dominions. Humph! one would think that he should thank us for having gratuitously diminished his daily labor. But, "alas!" as Valerie exclaims, "who is grateful, except a dog and a woman."

These gracefully winding paths coquet with the lake as they go, here running off as if to abandon it, and anon returning, and embracing it for some distance, like an ardent lover. Promenaders of both sexes, mostly of the middle class, begin now to appear, and the walks present quite an animated appearance. Here is the island we alluded to. It is small, but crowded with trees

and shrubbery. And only listen to the birds! Conversation is out of the question amid this concert of sweet sounds. Ah! if old Aesopius were living, who used to give \$25,000 dinners, (actors must have been well paid in those ancient days,) made of the tongues of singing-birds, how this melody would delight his senses both of hearing and digestion! But these little rogues feel and manifest their joyous security. What a gush of song! They are so free, so fearless, so protected! and that, too, in the heart of this vast, sweltering tumor of mischief and misery.

The Wellington barracks, the Horse Guards, and a military chapel of some pretensions to beauty are opposite us, and a little to the right, but hidden by the trees. In summer, the foot guards parade daily, upon the open space we passed as we entered. They are always accompanied by a band of music. If we had time we might stop and examine the long Turkish cannon brought from Alexandria, and covered with Egyptian devices, and the immense mortar, employed at the siege of Cadiz by Marshal Soult. The latter was left behind by the French army after the battle at Salamanca, and was presented by the Spanish Regency to Great Britain. Both are to be seen here, we are told, but it grows late and chilly, and having been absent all day from the scent of the table, the "still small voice" of appetite grows clamorous as well as importunate for attention.

Thank Heaven! London, with all its peculiarities, is abundantly supplied with materials for the gratification of the most querulous palate and most vigorous digestion—though, we opine, at anything but reasonable prices. There was a time when, if we may believe Stow, the historian, it was not so well off, by any means. When "some, through famine, did eat the flesh of their own children; and some stole others which they devoured. Thieves that were in prisons did pluck in peeces those that were newly brought amongst them, and greedily devoured them half alive." In those days, the prices of eatables were restrained by special ordinances—twenty eggs being compulsorily given for a penny! The only restraint, at present, is that arising from the condition of your purse and the conscience of your appetite. A lively appreciation of the good things of this life, without the ability to enjoy them is not amusing anywhere; but here, where delicacies tempt you in so many windows, it is like the Thracian game of tying one up by the neck, putting a knife in his fingers to rescue himself and leaving him to die if he cannot.

This brings us to our hotel. The scent of dinner is in our nostrils, which, just at this moment, are as acute as those of the war-horse that, (as the good book tells us,) "smelleth the battle afar off." So now—

"—— to realize what we think fabulous
I th' bill of fare of Elysium."

Yours, Du SOLLE.

NO IX.

The Weather—The Streets—Omnibusses—Women's Stockings—Fire Plugs—Eloquent Dead-Walls—Railway Speculations—"War with America"—The Duke of Wellington, and "all that sort of thing."

LONDON, Nov. 24th, 1845.

Three days more of solitary confinement as a punishment for our ramble in "London weather" to Westminster Abbey—with the incidents of which ramble we made our readers familiar in No's. 7 and 8. It will not do, we perceive, for strangers to be indifferent to this climate. We have paid the penalty and the doctor's bill, and are determined to be cautious in indulging in similar transgressions.

Yet, it seems absurd to wait for a "more convenient season." The sky, here, is most fickle, and the weather perfectly enigmatical. If you venture out at early morn in the midst of a sullen storm, it is quite possible you may realize a decent time before night, or one, at any rate, upon which you can make yourself respectably miserable; if you select, on the contrary, a cheerful sky, with a glimpse of the sun lighting up the ragged edges of the smoke-cloud that for ever canopies the city of London, you may be just as confident of experiencing an abominable rain before noon, as if Hogue had promised it in his Horoscope, and felt disposed to maintain his reputation.

There is not much choice, however, afforded one in this matter; for, to do the weather justice, we must say that it has been perseveringly consistent since we have been here: it has rained nearly every day. We have been tempted to exclaim, with Richard, every twenty-four hours, "Who has seen the sun to-day?" and we want no better proof than this very natural expression, of Shakespeare's faculty of observation.

We strolled out this morning without any particular object or destination, and we had ample reason to reflect upon the melancholy infirmity of the weather. It was laughable, though, to see the ducking and bobbing of umbrellas along the thoroughfares, overflowing as they were with such a bustling tide of human life. The omnibusses, too, were doing an excellent business; and the cabs—hideous things that they are, some of them resembling scooped watermelons, and some, with drivers perched up at the back of them, resembling nothing on this earth, nor "the waters under the earth"—the cabs were driving everywhere, and perhaps some place else. Indeed these public vehicles appear to be in constant demand, and are considerably fuller at all times of passengers than comfort. It is difficult to get an agreeable seat in them, particularly after dinner, for, "thirteen inside," implies a delicate calculation in relation to arms and elbows, to say nothing of a charitable allowance for superfluous flesh.

London is so capacious, and withal its principal streets so crowded and so dirty that, if time be money, as the sage assures us, there can be no question as to the economy of a public conveyance. Besides this, an omnibus is a capital place for the study of human nature, and is sufficiently tardy in its movements to enable you, at your leisure, to peruse the open page of incidents presented in the streets.

We have been going to mention fifty times, but have always avoided it so far, apprehensive that we might not do it discreetly enough for American ears, (my fair countrymen are so terribly squeamish, sometimes!) we have been going to mention a striking feature in the habits of the people of London, arising from the constant accumulation of mud upon the side-walks. In walking, the women of all classes invariably raise their clothing to an extent that would fairly petrify a belle of Chestnut street, and throw certain delicate constitutions into agonies. Yet, when the novelty of the sight has worn off, it seems perfectly modest and quite proper. At first, the exhibition of so many white stockings is rather confusing, but, after the lapse of a day or two, one actually forgets that the practice has in it anything singular; and if not, one becomes reconciled to it from the fact of the obvious necessity it occasions for the use of well-shaped boots and clean habiliments.

The next thing that strikes one in the street is the dress of the younger children. However dressed otherwise, all have very short frocks, exceedingly brief socks, and bare legs. Of a cold day the costume, though highly picturesque, is not exactly becoming; and when the frost is about, endeavoring to impart to every living thing a keen perception of its edge and temper; when the most taciturn begin to 'chatter' with supprising facility, and the inexpert in music to 'shake' with commendable perseverance and execution, we cannot help pitying the little creatures who look as if toddling about on two beets.

Talking about beets, (we have not time to explain the mental coincidence,) reminds us that we have not yet seen a fire-engine in London, nor listened to a single false alarm, nor heard of a conflagration. We are aware that there are machines of some such kind in the metropolis, for we observe, painted on the dead walls, (as in Boston,) "F. P. 18 ft." &c., which being duly translated into the vernacular, signifies that the fire-plug is to be sought for, in the earth, where it is interred, 18 ft from the hieroglyphics aforesaid. Water seems to be abundant, however. There are several water-works, and one that we saw at Chiswick or Brentford, we forget which, was really an immense, powerful and effective concatenation of machinery.

The dead walls are put to some other use also, by the public, besides that we have mentioned.

They are covered, as with us, with placards, and made the vehicle of information of every description. Amongst the more numerous, and besides M. Jullien's Grand Promenade Concert posters, which alone conceal something like an acre of bricks, there are the bills describing the interesting contents of the several newspapers, with ingenious and startling announcements in relation to the 199 new railroads in progress of erection, to the anticipated scarcity of corn, (wheat,) or the calamitous failure of the potatoe crop in Ireland. These three latter subjects completely absorb, just now, the popular attention. The journals are full of them—the public mouth is full of them—and our eyes meet with nothing else in the shop-windows, upon the big-lettered advertising-carts, or upon the pedomotive machines, in the shape of men, with boards slung before and behind upon the shoulders, to attract attention.

We confess that we prefer to see advertisements in the newspapers—that is but natural! but the general mind is in such a state of excitement, at this moment, that we suspect these outdoor remembrancers are attended with considerable effect, "since he who runs may read" them, without the slightest difficulty. And as far as railroads are concerned, almost all who run *do* want to read, for the railway-mania is epedemical, and the most monstrous schemes are being projected by artful speculators, and all London is madly embarking capital in them in the confident hope of manufacturing instantaneous and incalculable fortunes. The authors of the trick have fabricated, (upon paper,) an iron route from the metropolis to every occasionally-heard-of point in the United Kingdom, and not a few on the Continent; and what is more, they have adroitly contrived to get everybody in a 'line,' in more senses than one, while, having secured their own private interests, they are making 'tracks,' of a character very unexpected to their credulous victims. In short, the bubble is upon the point of bursting, and the universal consternation may be imagined. It would only require 3500 millions of dollars to complete the new railroads for which companies have been provisionally instituted thus far! or, supposing one out of every thirty of the men, women and children who inhabit Great Britain, to be addicted to travelling, it would only require about \$1400 per annum, to be expended by each of them in railroad fares, to enable the several companies to pay expenses, and nett five per cent. upon their capital!

Several journals have been started on the strength of this Munchausen speculation, all, of course, devoted to the details and statistics of this monopolising subject, and it is the flaming synopsis of their thrilling contents that, with all the blandishments of party-colored inks, and outre type, arrest the passer-by at convenient corners. Then, again, pamphlets without number are groaning through the press upon the sub-

ject of the potatoe-disease, with remedies for the same, and philanthropic suggestions as to means to be employed in averting the horrors of the anticipated famine. Endless disquisitions upon the propriety of opening the ports of Great Britain for the admission of foreign grain, that they may have something else to grind besides the faces of the poor, are also finding their way into print; and each and all of these seek every possible mode of bringing their features most conspicuously and most attractively before the eye-popular.

In addition to all this, the steamer has just arrived, and "War with America!" stares one in the face from the newspaper-office fronts, in a form of alarming typical latitude and longitude. Rumors are abroad that the Duke of Wellington is resolved to summarily punish Yankee audacity, and that His Grace actually meditates the blotting out of the United States from the physical map of the world, without so much as purposing the usual courtesy, of leaving behind the most insignificant grease-spot, as a warning to future offenders! In the meantime, what would become of Apsley-House, during the Duke's absence on this exterminating errand? This is a grave question. Naughty juveniles, without the fear of the police, or of "Napoleon's conqueror" before their optics, have already taken 'pains' to render iron window-shutters necessary to His Grace's mansion—shutters which are never, under any circumstances permitted to remain open—and if these things be ventured upon under his very nose, what will not be attempted in the absence of that remarkable organ?

It strikes us, at this present writing, that Great Britain will have quite as much as she can attend to in Ireland for some time to come. "Bread or blood" is a cry that shook France to its centre, and was the fruitful mother of a gigantic revolution. Starvation and oppression may do much, in the sister island, to awaken a sense of former freedom; for

"Who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where Liberty has been, nor see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity?"

And as to quieting the complaints of hunger with red coats instead of corn, the idea is a fallacy. The murmurings of a discontented people, as we had read somewhere, may be silenced, perhaps, by thrusting bayonets into their bodies, but it would be better to effect the same end by putting spoons into their mouths: starving people have long enough been conquered by killing them; why not stifle their fury with food? or if they must be killed, try killing them with kindness instead of cannon, by way of Christian variety. After the Saxon has done "justice to Ireland," and taught that noble but persecuted nation to put up with 'half-a-crown'* when they are entitled to a 'sovereign,† it will be time enough to look

towards the great West, with a dream of vengeance.

But, a truce to politics. To return to the streets of London: mendicity is not half so apparent or so offensive, as we had been taught to expect it. It is obvious that beggary is abundant. The atmosphere of some localities, (and we frequently wander among the obscure haunts of poverty—there is so much to be learned from the rough lesson-book of toil and want!) is redolent of a life of charity; but the Argus-eyes of the law restrain and limit now, all that *professional* exhibition of disease and destitution which used to afford so much profit in its pursuit, and romance in its description. The police appear to be ubiquitous, and ever on the alert to cut off such appeals to the compassionate, whether feigned or involuntary. The eye of distress must needs grow eloquent; for its slightest murmur vibrates upon the ear of authority, and conjures the instant presence of a suit of blue cloth, trimmed with white, at whose voice potential, the suppliant "evanishes," like a ghost at the "crowing o' the cock." The vigilance of the police is, in truth, remarkable. As late as George II., banditti used to parade with impunity the streets of this metropolis, and were only prevented, once, from robbing the Queen, in her carriage, in the public streets, by the time consumed in plundering the retinue of a nobleman. What a change! How farcical would such an adventure prove now-a-days! Yet a single century has done all this. One hundred and seventy thousand houses now stand where Llyn-din, or "the town on the lake," once raised its ghastly head from amid the marshes that gave it a name and an existence; and two millions of human beings are now engaged, each in his own way, in "the pursuit of happiness" where, erst, a few hardy adventurers with difficulty obtained by traffic a scant subsistence! What a contemplation for the growing greatness of America! What centuries, in the tardy progress of un hastened time, have effected here, a few years cannot but accomplish in a nation proverbially ambitious and enterprising, guided by a spirit of rational independence, impelled and aided onward by the wondrous energies of modern science and invention. Yes! "westward the march of empire takes its way," and America, we feel, is destined to be the glory and admiration of the world, when Great Britain shall only be read of, as we read of the might and magnificence of ancient Greece and Rome, and when the curious traveller may, in memory of the past, penetrate the vast solitude and "take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

We admit that all this has but little to do with our subject in hand; but, in a foreign land, with strange faces around one, and a thousand little incidents daily occurring to make one feel one's heart-alienship in the struggling crowd, the bare thought of home is electric, and kindles in one's soul an enthusiasm as impetuous as it is irresistible.

* "Half-a-crown" is two shillings and sixpence, about sixty-two cents.

† A "sovereign" is twenty shillings, about five dollars.

ble. We met a well-known American, yesterday, however, who had contrived not only to forget his native land, and to out-Herod Herod in assuming the habits, contour and opinions of the most frivolous of Europeans, but had the effrontery to disparage the soil that gave him birth, and the people and the institutions that had raised him above the indistinguished crowd! We felt too much contempt to be angry, and yet we were painfully annoyed. It is true he looked not like our countryman, and that was some comfort to both of us—for he evidently sought to be esteemed a foreigner. He had conned well the lesson of Rosalind: "look you! lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you wear, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola." Confound the fellow! we pitied him even while we despised his folly. Still his conduct may be useful. If there be a spark of similar ingratitude lurking in the bosom of any other American with whom we may come in contact, we are very sure his excessive affection will extinguish it, and superinduce reflections calculated to give birth to nobler, because more natural and more generous impulses.

We are afraid this has been a very dull letter, but ill-health must be our apology. A violent cold and a provoking cough are, at best, not very mirthful companions, and the music of the latter is not exactly like that, in hearing which, in the language of Esdras, "a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt."

DU SOLLE.

NO. X.

Regent-Quadrant and Circus—The Streets of London—Police Government—A Fire and the Engines—The Shops of London—Living of the Masses—The Thames—Passage in a Ferry Steamer—Railway Mania—View on the River—The Tower—The Thames Tunnel.

LONDON, Nov. 28th, 1845.

Strolling about the streets, (in the rain, of course,) we made to-day a multitude of observations to ourself, which we may as well transfer to our readers—presuming them sufficiently good-natured to put up with occasional trifles, and indulgent enough to permit us to deliver ourself in our own desultory way.

We dare say that much that we shall say will be stale to those who have either read carefully, or travelled with both eyes open in the midst of the habits and customs of this longitude, but our jottings down will not be "caviare to the million," perhaps, and to that respectably arithmetical proportion of the human family at home we especially address ourself. At any rate, as Shakspeare *didn't* remark,

"— who would bear the impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all
The tedious importunity of friends,
When he him: If might his quietus make,
With a bare ink-horn!"

(So imagine us sauntering along Regent street, in

the morning, with throat muffled up a *la Anglais* in a Cashmere Comforter, and gazing at the magnificent stores in the magnificent "Quadrant," through the dim-medium of a gamboge, or rather a sepia atmosphere, giving to every object at the distance of twenty-four inches from the extremity of one's facial handle, the dim vagueness of body and outline which virtuosos extacy so much in the pictures of Claude Lorraine. Add to this, the wind N. E. and the weather precisely the kind whereof the memory of that usually well-informed individual, the 'oldest inhabitant,' in this vicinity, runneth not to the contrary, and you have a glorious idea of our melancholy condition

It is rather an interesting lounge under the pillars or colonnade of the Regent Quadrant. One can fancy one's self, almost, in fairy-land, amid the air-wrought palaces of those clever artificers, the shops are so gay, and everything around wearing the garb of luxury, elegance, and costliness. Only one thing mars the exquisite notion—the women are anything but sylphic! Many of them are sublime enough, (particularly the old ones,) if, as Burke argues, size is the chief element of sublimity, and the great majority, (protect us Heaven! for daring to give utterance to the heresy,) have ample reason to be grateful that mere beauty is but cuticle-deep, and that its absence robs no woman of her gentler and more excellent qualities.

We find no difficulty in ferreting out our way amid the nine thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, (nothing like being exact!) thoroughfares of London—at least no more than we have experienced amid the labyrinthian intricacies of Boston, of which city, by the way, we are constantly reminded by a thousand little things here: Boston is, unquestionably, the most English city in America. Sometimes a stranger will necessarily get confused. Our organ of locality got singularly in a "fix" the other day, while we were peeping at a curious likeness of Dr. Franklin, under the showy portico of the Italian Opera House in the Haymarket. Our eyes maintained that we were in the region of the Quadrant: reflection entertained a contrary opinion, and it was some minutes before observation could reconcile the conflicting opinions of the belligerents. But this was owing entirely to the English artist's idea of Dr. Franklin. What right had he to draught the old philosopher in what he no doubt intended to be a classic tunic, but which presented to our uninitiated vision so faithful a portrait of his night-shirt? Quoth decency, 'it isn't respectable,' quoth taste, 'the varlet be — hanged for his ignorance! No man looks the more like a poet, an economist or a diplomatist, (and it is hard to say in which character it was designed to picture the Doctor,) for being painted in short white linen and a red night-cap.' And taste was in the right; but it was listening to the disputants that lost us, for the nonce, our whereabouts

The junction of Regent street and Piccadilly produces the "Regent's Circus." Each of the four corners of the streets, instead of remaining angular, is here rendered concavous, and the result is a circular appearance, that gives, to the common ear, an equestrian title to the place. It is the stopping-place and 'booking office' of something less than a million of omnibusses, and its hurry and bustle, in consequence, may be conjectured. Certain steam-packet and railway offices are also here, and contribute not a little to increase the natural accumulation of humanity at this point, which, notwithstanding the dirt, that a street-sweeping machine, (dragged by one horse, operating, on a small scale, something after the fashion of the New York dock-cleansing machines, and sweeping a surface of about three feet in width at a time,) is so constantly required to remove, and the vehicles without number obstructing the way, and rendering a peripatetic passage from corner to corner a very hazardous enterprise, is really immense.

We notice that there are always some of the police stationed here. Talking of police reminds us that London, in some municipal points, resembles Philadelphia. In both, the City proper, is very limited in extent, the adjacent districts comprising more space, more population, more everything, and although distinct in some measure, in their local government, still uniting, to form, in combination, the metropolis. London, in all its divisions, however, is consolidated, as regards the general interests and the general operations of the police. Philadelphia is not, but should be, and will never experience all the advantages of wholesome laws until such a consummation be witnessed. There is one grand difference between the two cities, though, in question—London is fully twelve miles wide from East to West: every corn upon our feet painful protests that this is a modest admeasurement, and a pair of Benckert's boots, (better by far than any we can find in this country,) opens its *soul* to us pathetically, and yawns a corroboration of the fact. 'Tis, indeed, a giant city, and corpulent as well as longitudinal.

We saw a fire to-day. It was a small affair, but it furnished us with what we had been laboriously longing for, viz: a glance at an English fire-engine. They are small, neat, compact machines, and are drawn by two or more horses, as the distance may require, to the scene of destruction. There is no noise, no turbulence, no disturbance. Everything is done under the eye and by the orders of commissioned and active agents, and pretty effectually done, we confess, although not quite so energetically as we do such things at home. The crowd that gathers around is kept at a suitable distance by the police, and if any unauthorised individual, prompted by a feeling of cupidity or generosity, makes himself more useful than ornamental on the premises, an

opportunity is immediately afforded him of getting rid of his superfluous sympathy, by an involuntary course of study on the ethics of social government behind the grated doors of one of Her Majesty's public buildings—sign of the Cross-Keys, it used to be in the olden time—in Newgate street, or Blackfriars.

Turning around Charing Cross, (the name of a wide thoroughfare, where formerly stood the village of Charing, in which Edward I. erected a golden cross in memory of his Queen Eleanor,) we enter the busy street called The Strand. Stores of all descriptions, many of them very beautiful and imposing, here attract the eye. Many of them have, over the door, a large plaster-east of the national coat of arms, with "By Appointment" in significant letters beneath the same—an indication that the establishments so adorned are distinctly patronised, (perhaps exclusively,) by the Royal Household. The butcher-shops, (handsome places some of them,) are to be seen here, as elsewhere, with open windows, in which the meats are displayed upon hooks to tempt the eye of the epicure, and the fingers of the penniless. "Purveyor to Her Majesty," embellishes the front of more than one, and all have a remarkably clean and tidy appearance.

Green-grocer shops are also to be seen here—stores at which only vegetables are retailed to the million. We must not forget, in turn, the fishmongers. In their stores may be obtained shell and other fish. Oysters, as we have mentioned are kept in water, are very small, and would not be eaten by any one who has epicurized on that luxury among the delicious products of the Chesapeake. We ate an English one of the better character, at a friend's yesterday. It was decidedly 'querc.' How Darte-neuf, in the "Dialogues of the Dead," can be made to call them "the best in the whole world," passes our comprehension, excepting upon the idea that spirits being intangible entertain no fear of blistering their tongues with a fib, however immeasurable. We can only forgive him when he tantalizes Apicius with a luscious description of American turtle, until the latter exclaims "I cannot indeed but lament my fate that America was not formed before I was born!" and adds, "would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day, just to taste of that food? I would promise to kill myself by the quantity I would eat before next morning." Apicius committed suicide, if our memory betray us not, because he had only between three and four hundred thousand dollars of his original wealth left, and was afraid such a paltry sum would not maintain the delicacies he had been accustomed to of the table!

Let us get back to the fishmongers of London. Their windows are full of lobsters, flounders, fresh eel, soles, herrings, shrimps, periwinkles,

&c. Herrings—fresh ones—are very cheap and very plentiful, and are the common food of the poor, at this season. They are remarkably good eating too. Shrimps resemble incipient lobsters, and are, to our taste, highly palatable. Periwinkles, as we have elsewhere said, might easily be mistaken for juvenile snails, and are sold and eaten in this country as pea-nuts are in America, performing pretty much the same office in popular public places. As to their flavor, we cannot speak, our prejudice not having yet permitted us to indulge in the experiment. A friend assures us that they are not worth the malediction of a tin-dealer, but

The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago—

of course, therefore, his judgment may be considered questionable. Fish being on the tapis, we may mention here that Charing Cross, (late Hungerford,) market, is a great depot of this 'scaly' species of virtual-manufacture. Billingsgate where, according to Dr. Johnson, they "sell the best fish and speak the plainest English," has lost much of its celebrity, but is still an interesting subject of contemplation to those who are disposed to "divide their time between an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach." We are not of that category.

There are no oyster-cellars in this city, and what is still more strange, (we admit the want of any decent ideal association between cellars and sausages,) there are very few dogs. To an American this is a novelty. We only saw two dogs in the streets to-day during a ramble of seven hours, and both of them were of the greyhound species, and following in the footsteps of their respective proprietors. As to the cellars, they are uncalled for. Eating houses and restaurants are abundant, of all classes. They seem to be well patronized too. The Club-houses are the frequent places of resort for eating, drinking and smoking on the part of the wealthier people, but the great mass eat either at home, or where the viands and the cost of them best accord with their feelings and circumstances. And it is by no means difficult to live as well here as in America, (it is impossible to live better, in our opinion, anywhere,) though at, on an average, three times the cost. Luxuries of all kinds are exceedingly expensive; and even the ordinary necessities of life are rendered very high by the policy of universal taxation. Just now the price of bread is twenty cents per loaf; of beef eighteen cents and mutton sixteen cents per pound; of potatoes eighty cents, per bushel. Delicacies of the humbler kind, and such are eaten by the multitude at home, present a still sorer aspect. Fowls, (and, by the way, the poulterers'-shops are seen here almost as frequently as the butchers' ditto,) being, at present, \$2 50 a pair, geese \$3 00, and turkeys \$5 00 each, if of excellent quality. On the whole, then, this is a capital place of

abode for the millionaire, but it affords an extremely small chance for an enjoyment of the good things of this life, to those whose daily toil is all that can be depended upon for that purpose. It is possible that the curious genius, who insisted upon his ability to discover the bent of a man's talents, by the kind of food he usually selected for his dinner, might find a pretty solid substratum in the United States, where the product of labor is usually sufficient to permit any industrious operative to follow his inclinations; but, the attempt would be preposterous here, where the great majority eat what they can get, rather than what they want, and make a *Barmecide's* feast only of a multitude of palatable and piquant dishes common enough in America.

We turned from the Strand down St. George street, towards the river and the thought struck us that we would visit the celebrated Tunnel, and do so by water. Once upon the quay, (the wharf,) we beheld, instead of a steamboat-wharf, a bridge of flat-bottomed boats, extending out into the stream, at nearly the farther extremity of which a temporary frame building was erected. To this building we carefully made our way, and paying four pence, waited for the steamer intended to convey us to the Tunnel. The Thames wore rather a dismal look in the rain, but so would any reasonable river that had the bosom to reflect back the morose countenance of Nature, with one of her ill-natured washing-day faces on. So we stood and gazed around us, bethinking us of what we had been told by those conversant with local affairs. The Thames is, here, about one-third of a mile wide, but only navigable for small craft, were even the splendid stone bridges removed. It is contemplated by the government to erect an embankment fifty feet wide, for a carriage road and an atmospheric-railway up to the new Parliament Houses, on the city side of the river, and about 200 feet outside of the present quay. This will make additional and noble docks below, will enable ship's cargoes to be brought up from sea without delay, and make a charming addition to the view of London from the Thames. It will require a fearful outlay, however, of public monies!

The fact is, even the public authorities appear, in some measure, to have caught the prevailing epidemic—the railway fever. If one-half the plans in agitation be carried out, London in a few years will be little else than a huge web of iron. Railway agents are surveying in all directions as if "monarchs of all" they put their instruments on, and even when driven off private grounds, continue, on 'public grounds,' to persevere in their efforts, by jumping the walls at night, and subsidising the "demnition bowwows," to remain inactive and silent during their operations. Two of the bridges over the Thames have been conditionally purchased by different railway companies at stupendous prices, and

another company has just completed a contract for the purchase of a right of way through one of the avenues of the Tunnel! Where the deuce the mania will stop, Heaven only, (and the projectors of the bubble, perhaps,) can tell. The press is ridiculing the speculation with some acuteness and more wit, and we have all kinds of humorous cuts at the 'deep cuts,' and a profusion of lines of railery on the various railway-lines, that have at present so very 'imposing' an existence upon Bristol-board and foolscap. "Punch," as our readers may perceive, is, (as they say here,) "precious sewere" on the subject; and we have some quires of note-paper before us, every sheet of which has, at its head, an engraved comical illustration of some one of the many absurd phases of this public delirium.

The boat at length came alongside of our post of tribulation, and along with other passengers who had been in waiting, we went on board. It was a ferry steamer, (although nothing like our ferry-boats, but rather a condensed copy of the English ocean-steamers,) as black and as ugly as painters delight to represent the antique gentleman who "goeth about like a roaring lion," but nevertheless a very smart little craft, as we subsequently discovered. She was one of a number of similar boats that run up and down the Thames, landing and receiving passengers at, perhaps, a dozen points of this extensive city—a sort of water-omnibus, at a reduced fare, and on an enlarged scale.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather, and the fact that the boat contained no covered refuge from the storm, she was well filled with travellers of both sexes and several sizes. Amongst them were several gentlemen in military uniform. The scene on the river was interesting. As we passed under the bridges and saw how superb and solid were the massive structures, we were especially pleased. And then the crowd of umbrellas passing over London bridge! seen just over the stone parapet, they looked like an army of huge cockroaches wending their way to some deposit of broken victuals!

The elegant and numerous public buildings on the river bank shewed to very great advantage. The Temple-garden—a miniature New York "Battery," attached to that congregated mass of legal erudition yclept the Temple—looked very pretty. The famous Tower of London lifted its hoary arms as we passed, and challenged our attention. What a change has come over the spirit of its old dream within a century! One can scarcely conceive that that demure looking pair of white towers, which a few shells in this age of scientific destruction would astonish into nothingness, can be the place, the very name of which was once so associated with terror even to royalty, and over whose portals the Italian poet might quite as appropriately have inscribed his celebrated lines, "Leave every hope," &c.,

as upon the entrance to his gulph of despair itself. This fortress, built to intimidate London itself, is now a harmless old monster in its dotage, and is used for various public purposes which we shall allude to anon, when we picture our visit to its "in'ards."

For what happened on our further voyage down "old Father Thames," a glimpse at the Tunnel, &c. &c., the reader will be courteous enough to apply to our epistle *prochaine*. "Time's up," as they say in 'the ring,' the mid-night bell is tolling, our paper is out, and our candle nearly so, even if the fair peruser, vexed at being left at such a spot, complain as sorrowfully as the Prophet did, when the voice cried out to him, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" we must still be ungallant enough to postpone curiosity for "yet a little moment."

Du SOLLE.

NO XI.

The Tower of London—the Docks—filtering vessel—the Thames Tunnel—descent into it—its shops—its inhabitants—Gravel-lane—a Gin Palace—its style and its customers—English drinking—an accident, &c.

LONDON, Nov. 29th, 1845.

We left the reader, in our last, at the Tower of London, where Anne Boleyn and sundry other conspicuous personages left their heads, and the Duke of Clarence his *tout ensemble* in a butt of his favorite Malmsey. We were on board a steamer, however, and could afford to snap our finger at such apprehensions. So let us on.

Just below, we encountered a Filtering Vessel, lying in the stream. This vessel is employed to filter water for ships' uses. The water, which is pumped from the Thames, might, in its original state, easily be mistaken for *Cafe au lait*, but being filtered on board this vessel, it becomes sweet and clean, and is then conveyed, in a lesser boat, to ships on the eve of departure, and forced up through a hose into suitable casks for safe-keeping.

The river here began to wear an aspect of much business. The quays were crowded with ships and steamers, leaving but a very narrow passage in the channel-way. We had from here a fine view of the entrances to the great London Docks and St. Katharine Docks, which are canals of vast size, superior even to those of Liverpool, into which the tide is locked by gates at high water, thus affording adequate and convenient berths for a large number of vessels. There are also, the East and the West India Docks. Altogether, perhaps two thousand ships may be handsomely accommodated at once in these grand reservoirs.

At length we reached and were landed near the Thames Tunnel. At first we felt disappointed. We labored under an impression that the Tunnel commenced about a quarter of a mile up

from the river on each side, and gradually descended, like a loose rope, under its dirty bed. It was all a mistake. Two round brick buildings, one on the Wapping and one on the Rotherhithe side of the river, designate the entrances, and they stand within a few yards of the stream. Being on the Wapping side, we entered, paid our penny for admission, (cheaper than some kinds of dirt here!) and proceeded. Two spiral stairways, (one for ascending, the other for descending,) convey the visitor to the required depth. Once at the bottom, the Tunnel lay before us, its two twelve hundred-feet-in-length, horse-shoe-shaped avenues, lit up by projecting gas-lights, resembling streets at night, in beautiful perspective. Like streets too, the Tunnel contains its shops, and its displays of curiosities, chiefly deriving importance, though, from the oddness of their location *under the river*. A bill thrust into our palm with a bow of complaisance informed us that a host of novelties in the pictorial way, were to be seen in an adjacent corner for the sum of two pence. To see the "Bombardment of Algiers," or "Buonaparte at Waterloo" on oiled paper, with probably a "penny-dip" behind them as a substitute for a "grand Metropolitan illumination" was not much, but to assume a fish-privilege and behold them "at the bottom of the Thames" was a thing not to be gotten over—and we only wish we could see some other disagreeable things there that we wot of; it would answer as well as at the Red Sea foundation, and we should "exhibit the tin" with unmitigated satisfaction.

Walking slowly through the Tunnel, we could not help admiring the strength imparted to it by its peculiar shape. In one or two places the water nevertheless was stealthily oozing through in drops, hesitating ere it fell, as if reconnoitering the ground, apprehensive of detection. The shops mentioned, we discovered were stalls, between the heavy pillars that separate the two passage-ways. Toys, medals, edibles and bibbibles formed the staple of them all, (there were only about a dozen,) and they were attended principally by young girls. "Capital view, sir, of the Tunnel, through this glass—charge you nothing for looking, sir—do look!" pressed the first one we encountered. "Buy a medal of the Tunnel, sir? Only think sir, *under the Tems*!" shrieked a second. "Glass hornaments, sir, for children sir,—werry nice uns sir—bonly a penny—and *under the Tems*!" insinuated a third. The next was a lean, gaunt Frenchman, whom a proper respect for the rheumatism should have kept on the surface of the earth, at least until the worms had imperatively claimed their share of his mortal drapery. "*Eh bien, monsieur, avez vous faim? Is you angry, sare? I have de bonne sanwiche, ver goot, monsieur: ainsi du fromage et bread. Voulez vous *under ze Tems*?*" he politely inquired in the best English he could command. "*Under the Tems*," was the burthen

of every song, until we made our way to the Rotherhithe termination of the Tunnel, which was precisely like the other, only that instead of the picture shew, here were profile likenesses to be obtained, "*under the Tems*" for a penny, and "*I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls*" from a harp, for any gratuity, the performer being a filthy rascal, such as we imagined those beings must be, whom the Brahmins, in their humanity, are said to hire as food for fleas.

Returning, we soon ascended to the open air, and a few steps placed us in the midst of that end of London known as Wapping—and a whapping dirty end it appears to be. There is some amusement in perambulating streets that lead, you don't know where, and induct you into scenes of mirth or misery, you don't know how. So we took Gravel-Lane at a venture, trusting that it would ultimately eject us into some thoroughfare traversed by an omnibus. Nor was Gravel-Lane the narrow route its name would indicate to American ears. It was certainly 60 feet wide, and we came near measuring its depth once or twice, at the crossings, without any intention to attempt it, for we had no wish to disturb the deposit of mud that, for aught we could see to the contrary, had been the quiet accumulation of ages.

Gravel-Lane terminated in George street. We took the latter which was alive with drinking shops and their customers, with sailors and their sweethearts, and divers other productions of nature. A splendidly fitted up saloon soon attracted our attention. Its dashing appearance in such a spot, throwing all its brother buildings into the shade, "E'en as the sun licks up each sneaking star," was not to be mistaken—it was a Gin Palace! Four splendid lamps were suspended before the front. Although it was but three o'clock i' th' afternoon, it was so extremely foggy and dark that all the public lamps were lighted, and all the stores glorying under a full head of gas. But the lamps of the "Palace" in question outshone them all. They were beautiful. We longed to enter—certainly not to drink, for our beverage at all times is simple water, but to gratify a morbid curiosity of our own, excited by the marvellous relations we had heard upon such subjects. We hesitated. "Go in," quoth Curiosity; "'tis the part of philosophy to neglect no opportunity for acquiring knowledge." "A pretty picture you'd make for home contemplation," responded Prudence; "a W. P. in a Gin-shop," would make the fortune of any modern Hogarth. "So it would," said Reflection. "But it is a Gin Palace," murmured Irresolution. At this moment one of the three bronzed doors opened to exude a glass of gin with a ragged little girl at the end of it, and a blaze of light reflected from glittering mirrors, and a gorgeous polished marble counter with expensive brass mouldings, flashed upon our face and almost blinded us. We could not stand this, so mister-

ing up sufficient impudence, we pushed the painted-glass door of another entrance, and walked in with all the nonchalance of a rabbit under pressing circumstances

It was a splendid place, that Palace of the Rum Fiend! and his ministers were very enticing in appearance. It was a magnificent saloon, wide but not of great depth, apparently, though the elegant scarlet curtains, looped over gilt lion's paws, that fell in graceful folds at the sides and centre, concealed the rear, with the exception of a small aperture through which a dim figure was now and then visible in the distance. The ceiling of the saloon was tastefully painted in fresco, from groups of flowers were hanging three sumptuous chandeliers, the glass pendants of which reflected a world of rainbow hues, like dew-drops in the sunlight, dancing around us. The side walls contained very large mirrors with wide golden frames. The floor was of white and black marble, tessellated, and

"By many a thirsty pilgrim worn away."

The bar was of some dark wood, highly burnished and fancifully carved, with Bacchus-heads laughing from the pillar-caps that supported the Italian marble counter. Two massive brass bars that dazzled all human brass out of countenance, kept the fingers of delirious worshippers from the shrines of their idols, while in jets of gas-light were made to appear on either side, the cabalistic words, "Booth's Cordial Gin"—"White's Cream of the Valley," with other equally affecting nouns and tempting adjectives.

Three "delicious arrangements of flesh and blood," in the shape of young women, rather well-dressed, were stationed behind the bar, while before it congregated the blind victims to this European Juggernaut, sacrificing themselves with a heroism that, in a better cause, would win them niches in St. Paul's or the Abbey. "I wants a quartern (a half gill) o' the vite Jeminy," said a little urchin, urging his way in with a tumbler in one hand, and a hat that, like the 3rd Richard, had early lost its crown, twirling in the other; "but mammy says she hain't got no browns to-day, and vill pay yer in the morning." "Your mammy be —," the expletive was checked in the mouth of the young lady by a sudden glance at herself, when with a smile intended to be bewitching, she courteously desired to be informed if we would "take a wet," if it should be "hot or cold," and concluding with the intimation that she had something "as was fit for a Commodore." We replied with an oscillation of the head that, in America, is a sort of a representative-negative, and retired with as polite a bow as we could muster at the moment, leaving the women gazing after us with eyes and mouth in a state of extension that indicated the most profound astonishment.

This was a Gin Palace. There are several in the neighborhood of Drury Lane of a similar

character, we are told, but they happened not to fall under our observation. It is scarcely to be wondered at, that the poorer classes, with such habits and such temptations, live here, too many of them, in a state of semi-starvation, nor that there are 800,000 persons in London alone totally ignorant of the rudiments of a religious education. Intemperance is, in truth, very common, and with it naturally comes the long train of social evils of which it is ever the fruitful parent. One distiller of English gin, Mr. Booth, who has a large establishment in the suburb of Brentford, pays to the government in the way of excise duty or tax, an annual sum of nearly two millions of dollars! The amount of gin he annually produces, and which is but a trifling portion of that consumed in the metropolis, may be from this conjectured.

Besides English gin, which has a pungent and peculiar smell of turpentine, the use of ale, (or beer, as it is popularly termed,) is universal. We presume scarcely a family can be found in London, of any means at all, that is not constantly furnished with its little barrel; and those that are not, are supplied by the pot-boy, as it is wanted. It is the common beverage instead of water, and is drunk at the morning lunch, at dinner, at noon-lunch, and at all times besides, when thirst is either felt or fancied. It can be had at all prices, and thus is made to suit all pecuniary complexions. Public-houses, (or "taverns" as we call them in America,) invariably put up signs with "Meux's Entire," or "Fuller & Co.'s Entire," or some other popular brewer's "Entire" conspicuously displayed upon them, to signify that the ales of such makers are to be obtained there in a "neat" state, as well as in their more ordinary or mixed condition. Indeed there are few who may not say with Boniface in the play, "I have fed purely upon ale: I have cat my ale, drunk my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale — strong! it must be strong, or how would I be strong that drink it?" And it must be admitted that stout, hale, hearty looking men these Englishmen are, in their own country. They degenerate when they forsake the smoke-clime of their ancient home.

At length we found ourself in the Commercial Road; a broad, well-populated street, something like the outer end of the New York "Bowery," with a broad-stone paved way upon one side, (amid the pebble paving,) for wide-wheeled and heavy-laden wagons that traverse it from the London and other docks. An omnibus passing upward afforded us a comfortable seat, the passengers giving us a wide berth, for we resembled by this time a half-drowned rat, and if we may guess at the "corporal sufferance" of one of those interesting animals in a November storm, our feelings were not much better. It is a bore to carry an umbrella anywhere—particularly for one who is addicted to leaving it at the first stop-

ping-place, and growing oblivious of the circumstance—but, in the crowded streets of London the bore becomes an intolerable nuisance. We prefer a thick coat and perfect independence of hands and elbows. And then, what but a dripping wet coat can provide you room in an omnibus? How the cat-like antipathy to water of your companions makes them shrink into the smallest possible circumference, as the raised nap of your D'Orsay glistens in the gas-light, leaving you unpressed and snugly wrapped up in your dignity and your beaver-cloth, to meditate on whatever may chance you to hear or happen!

We rode up past the General Post Office—a commodious edifice—and from there, such was the press of vehicles, our horses were compelled to walk nearly to St. Pauls. The frowning dome of the latter, looked so black as we passed it, that we could not help fancying it was at the thoughts of its origin—for it was completed, if we remember rightly by means of a tax laid on coals. But on we went, jolting along Fleet street, stopping for a moment to drop a passenger who had dropped her six pence, in front of Bow Church, famous for its bells, (no pun intended,) and then whizzing away through the Strand, until St. Clements and St. Martin-in-the-field, seem to shake their religious heads at us and mutter that we were a little too desperate in our expedition. And so we were. In five minutes afterwards some of the minutæ of the vehicle gave way, and down came eleven of us, (four females inclusive) as the proverb says the Evil One on a certain day discovered somewhere a six pence, i. e. “all in a heap.” We had just been stealing a glance at the women’s faces, and wondering what sort of creatures they would make in the next world with little wings to their plump shoulders, and why, in all the master pictures we ever saw, the angels were always represented as of the masculine gender: we had just cast an innocent look into their eyes, (a capital volume to read when you are not detected, and one that will afford you many a turned-down page of human emotion, and many a wide margin for deep reflection,) and were wondering whether the eyes of the Veiled Prophet’s idolators were like these—

Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels—just before their fall!

when the accident happened. It seemed like a salutary hint to abandon the forbidden subject of magic; and so gathering ourself up, we pedestrianed to our temporary home, leaving the omnibus and its contents to the tender mercies of the public and the police, our “bruised arms” being considerably unsuited, as yet, for “monuments.”

DU SOLLE.

NO. XII.

Letter-writing in general—the theatre—Macready—the new opera—its features—its success—new ballet—new dancer—hints on the English stage—damning a play—hot drinks—scene in an omnibus, &c. &c.

LONDON, 3 December, 1845.

Letter-writing is a pleasant thing when health, comfort and a humor for it, combine to invest it with super-satisfactory qualities. “And the Spirit said unto John write, and he did write:” this would have been sufficient apology even had John written with less inspiration; but it becomes a very different affair when the spirit is wanting, and one cannot froth up insipid small-beer until the public will mistake it for the sparkling “Thorn,” or the vivacious “Anchor”—brand, nor so rub down the ideal German-silver, that the critical will put it in their vaults for plate. Letter-writing is a convenient escape-pipe for the discharge of a young traveller’s superfluous steam. His mind, his senses, all actively alive to novelty, at first generate feelings and impressions that struggle valiantly for a ventage, after they have exhausted their functionary performances. It is delightful, then, to spread out on paper the multitudinous thoughts, the wild emotions, the curious coincidences that, like unshrived spirits, have made one’s soul their abiding place; but when its repetition becomes a duty, and the “thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to,” robs one of the magic wand that will alone exorcise those troublesome customers from their secret hiding-places; when one especially feels, with Mr. Pump, the would-be value of an “intellectual figgery-four,” to arrest the stray footsteps of such erratic ideas as are not “up to trap,” in order to pin them down, like entomological subjects, for analytical consideration; then the pleasure becomes an irksome task—a tyrant impulse—which, like Goethe’s broomstick-goblin overdoes its work, and notwithstanding all your efforts to

“—bid the busy thing attain
Its quiet broomstick form again”

laughs at your woe, and mocks at all your recantations.

So much by way of entreating indulgence and accounting for mishaps, as young ladies prelude with a delicate cough, and violins with a shriek upon A, that which they are about to sing. And now for a word theatrical.

The drama is doing well in London. Macready has been drawing excellent houses. At Drury Lane, a new Opera, by W. V. Wallace, well known in the United States as a violinist and pianist of superior abilities, is attracting considerable notice, and what is better, respectably filled houses. The story is founded upon that of Don César de Bazan, an interesting piece from the French.

We sat out the first act of this opera the other night, and we conceive that it is really a produc-

tion of much merit. We observe that several musical critics here reliably competent to decide upon the subject, coincide with us in this impression. As Mr. Wallace is an Irishman, this judgment on the part of English professors may be considered satisfactory and impartial. The overture is rather unfinished. The opening chorus is a pretty tune in F major, Maritana's song follows with a full share of Spanish melody, picked up by Mr. W. no doubt in Mexico. The second song of the Gipsy girl is a delicious one, and is embellished with an obligato accompaniment for the harp, which is both singular and agreeable. A subsequent duet between Don Jose and Maritana, merits encomium. The cavatina, by Don Cesar, wild and vigorous in its melody, with an accompaniment *a la bolero*, is also striking. The gem, however, of the first act is, in our poor opinion, a chorus and concerted piece beginning "Pretty Gitana tell us," &c. The melody of the chorus is quaint and effective, and Maritana's solos charmingly varied, and skilfully introduced. The brilliant aria by the latter in E major, delighted us particularly, and we were pleased to find it unanimously encored. The finale is very good, though the instrumentation, to our ear, was rather boisterous.

We dropped in, afterwards, at the Adelphia, a theatre somewhat after, (or vice versa) the fashion of Mitchell's New York Olympic. It is managed by Madame Celeste with great success and consummate tact, and she is ably supported by Mrs. Fitzwilliams. Buckstone's stupid play of "Green Bushes" was on, and we should have been off, but that we desired to witness a burlesque on a new ballet which we had just beheld at "old Drury," where, by the way, we were delighted with Mademoiselle Flora Fabri, whose dancing was exquisite, and who is said to be fully equal to Cerito.

In "Green Bushes," Mrs. Fitzwilliams was touchingly pathetic. Two comic geniuses contrived, in the same piece, to keep the audience in a roar by interpolating very "ancient and fish-like" jests, and exclaiming "I believe you *mi-boy*," with a singular drawl. We glanced at the light moustache and lavender gloves of the gentleman of the press who, at home, is so well-known by the latter appellation. He was in an adjacent box, and it struck us that, in future, he would be apt to eschew a so vulgarised cognomen.

The burlesque was called "Taming the Tartar, or Magic and Mazourkaphobia." It was beautifully gotten up, and went off superbly, Celeste acquitting herself with her usual skill, and a Miss Woolgar representing a feminine cream-of-tartar in the shape of a comtess, with delightful spirit, force and vivacity. This ballet would become very popular in America.

On the whole we have been sadly disappointed with the English stage. It may seem like pre-

judice to say so, but we conscientiously declare that we have seen here no better performers, and very few as good, as those attached to the better theatres at home. Farren is extremely good as a comedian, but see him once and you have seen him forever. He is very much the same in all characters. It is Mr. Farren throughout. Burton has no equal in London on the boards, nor can we find any one to surpass Chippendale in a certain line. Helen Faucit is undoubtedly an actress of talent, but far below what we expected to discover. We have visited nine out of the fifteen theatres at present open, and putting aside Macready, Anderson, Wallack and one or two others familiar to us on both sides of the Atlantic, the male performers rank from mediocrity down to insignificance. After those we have named, there is not a general actor here who upon the platform of usefulness and ability, ranks with either Wheatley, Wallack, Jr. or Davenport. Among the ladies the same paucity of excellence exists. Miss Faucit is transcended by Charlotte Cushman. After her come a host of creditable actresses, but creditable only—not one approaching Mrs. Wallack, Jr., who is surpassed by several now whom, but we have no desire to institute invidious comparisons, we could name upon the American stage.

Great attention is paid to scenery, costumes, properties, &c., at most of the theatres in London. It strikes the eye of a stranger as very curious to see the pit wear an air so respectable. Families in middling circumstances, such as would be shocked at the bare idea, in America, of being seen out of the boxes, may be beheld here very comfortably seated in the pit, which custom has invested with no disparaging associations. Before the play begins, bills of the performances are carried around the house for sale, frequently by women, the price being, we believe, a penny, and none being furnished the audience, as with us, gratuitously. Between the acts, oranges, and other fruit, are vended in a similar manner; while, in the gallery, (around the outside of the railing of which bonnets, muffs, &c., are suspended for safe-keeping by those in the vicinity,) conversations intended for the ears of the whole house, are often carried on, of a curious character. The boxes are by no means well arranged. You sit uncomfortably in them, you scarcely know why. Some of the private boxes are an exception to this rule, and are pleasant enough. Let us add that every theatre here is fitted up with some conveniences that are utterly unknown in America.

Speaking of the theatre reminds us that Leopold de Meyer has gone to the United States. He bears the reputation here of being one of the greatest pianists living. Many good judges esteem him as superior to Liszt. This again reminds us of Mr. Frey's Opera of Leonora. We brought out some copies of its published "gems,"

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and gave them to one or two eminent musical friends. We shall not say what were their exclamations when, after seating themselves at the piano, they dashed off the first few bars of each composition. The author, may possibly remember Dante's description of Ugolino's pastime in spirit-land, "I beheld two spirits in the ice," &c. We need say no more. We presume Leonora will be brought over the coming Spring, and we will not anticipate its reception. If successful, the composer will have reason to be proud, (for the prejudice against every thing American is unmistakably coyennish here,) and if otherwise, it will be perditioned with a concentrated and intense heartiness with which we at home are anything but familiar.

The independence of the audience at the theatres in London, is maintained with a zeal, and sometimes with a humor, quite remarkable to an alien. It is the very licentiousness of liberty.—Every one appears disposed to play the popular tyrant, and reflect upon the ministers of the drama the petty despotism which he is himself compelled to endure, out of doors, in a more comprehensive circle. A dull performance, therefore, meets with no mercy. We were at the Hay-market theatre one night on the occasion of the production of a vapid novelty, and such a scene! "I say Jack, here's a precious go!" shouted one of the deities in the gallery. "My hyes!" ejaculated a second, in the midst of a pause in a speech intended to be full of pathos, "my hyes! but this is tea-potish. Give that ere woman a vipe." "Off, off, off," screamed a dozen, at a lamentable "stick" of two of the performers who had suddenly grown oblivious of the dialogue, and could not catch the words of the prompter. "Off! all of you; off, all!" roared a stentor. "Yes, it is awful," murmured a more modest crowd. Then came cat-calls, screams, laughs, and shrieks of "Run old gouty!"—"vip up little 'un!"—"Two to one on the long tail!"—"Whorray!—ha!—ha!—hiss—s—s—s" &c., until the curtain dropped in a chaotic chorus, that might have afforded a characteristic idea for his "Creation."

The usual procedure, after an adjournment from the theatre and preparatory to retiring for the night is supper and something *hot* to drink. We have seen some beautiful ice, clear as crystal, exposed for sale, in the Strand or High Holborn, (pronounced *Ifo'-born*) we forget which, at an enormous price, but we fancy it is in little demand, as the English generally, are as fond as the ancient Romans or modern Chinese of warm drinks. The latter nation, we know, labor under the ridiculous impression that all cold liquors, even pure water, are calculated to occasion disease, and the former, we have seen it stated somewhere, must have had shops fitted up for the sale of warm indulgences, for a number of "Thermopolia" have been disembowelled from the earth at Pompeii with all the paraphernalia of

urns, metallic heaters and cocks, &c., like our tea and coffee urns.

So John Bull has, at any rate, a precedent of antiquity for his taste, to say nothing of the palpable justice of taking something from the subjects of the Brother of the Moon and Celestial Regulator, besides a few millions of dirty bullion, well-learned in teaching that headstrong nation: the mysterious and subtle relationship existing between the use of opium and the progress of Christianity—as understood by British philanthropists. This fondness for heated decoctions runs to an amusing extreme sometimes: we saw "hot Sherry Cobblers" advertised the other day! and we should not be surprised if an "American Mint Julep—boiling" were next to be served up as a specimen of Yankee barbarism, for the idea of a refrigerating drink would scarcely be tolerated among the untravelling denizens of London.

After the theatre we started for our lodgings. As it was pluvius, as usual, we took an omnibus, squeezing ourself in as the thirteenth passenger, and listening complacently to the suppressed maledictions of those who, no doubt, would have felt more at ease without us, and wished us, in consequence, in a climate, with the thermo sulphuric properties of which, certain modern theologists take good care to keep the public mind well acquainted.

"La, sir," simpered a lady, the moment the omnibus in starting had shaken us down to within a few inches of our seat; "La, sir, you are sitting on my Polka." A "Polka," be it understood is the, at present, fashionable short species of coat, usually of black silk, with an extremity. We apologize of course.

"Zounds, sir, are you aware that there are such things as corns?" blustered a testy old gentleman upon our other side, in a tone anything but 'question'-able. A duplicate apology succeeded; and our comfort that had "stuck out a foot," was diminished by some inches. We began to amuse ourself by turning up the straw with our cane, in the hope of forgetting our painful position.

"I beg your pardon sir," said a thin, harsh voice, emanating from a small bundle *vis-a-vis* to us, out of the upper end of which projected only, as far as we could discern, a nose like a razor, and a pair of Tabby optics full of uncharitable intelligence: "I beg your pardon, sir, but that is one of my goloshe's you are making free with."

A "golosh," is an over-shoe. We carefully replaced it, with apology number three, to which we distinctly heard a *sotto voce* "nasty brute!" from the bundle aforesaid, in token of acknowledgement.

In despair, we stared out of the window, and diverted ourself by expending our spleen on the badfitting coats and strapless pantaloons of the "men about town" who chanced to pass us in

the blaze of some of the shop gas-lights. We were just thinking what a sensation the "Car-penters" of Philadelphia would create, were they here, to inspire with their skill and genius, a taste for elegance in the figure and make of the garments masculine of London. We doubt if Stultz, in his palmy days, could ever clothe the human form with that surpassing tact, that admirable *je ne sais quoi*, which distinguishes the work of those celebrated artistes, the Messrs. C. We were criticising the habits of the men, listening to the tramp! tramp! of the pattens of the women, and wondering, as the Post Boy in his red livery and little red-cart flew by, whether the impatient crowd made way for him as a representative of her Majesty, or from a social respect for his calling, when a nudge from an umbrella on our left side almost deprived us of breath, and the fair wearer of the Polka we had disarranged, looking into our face, said, "Catharine st., if you please," and pointed to the conductor. At first we were stupidly confused, and then representing the lady's wish, in the proper direction, the vehicle stopped, and calling "Cupid! Cupid!" she snatched up a trowsered deity in the shape of a candy-faced urchin, and left us plenty of room and infinite satisfaction. But what a name for her son! It reminded us of a P. S. to one of the old letters of the promptu of Drury-Lane theatre, to his brother promptu of Covent Garden: "Send us a Cupid—ours has got the measles."

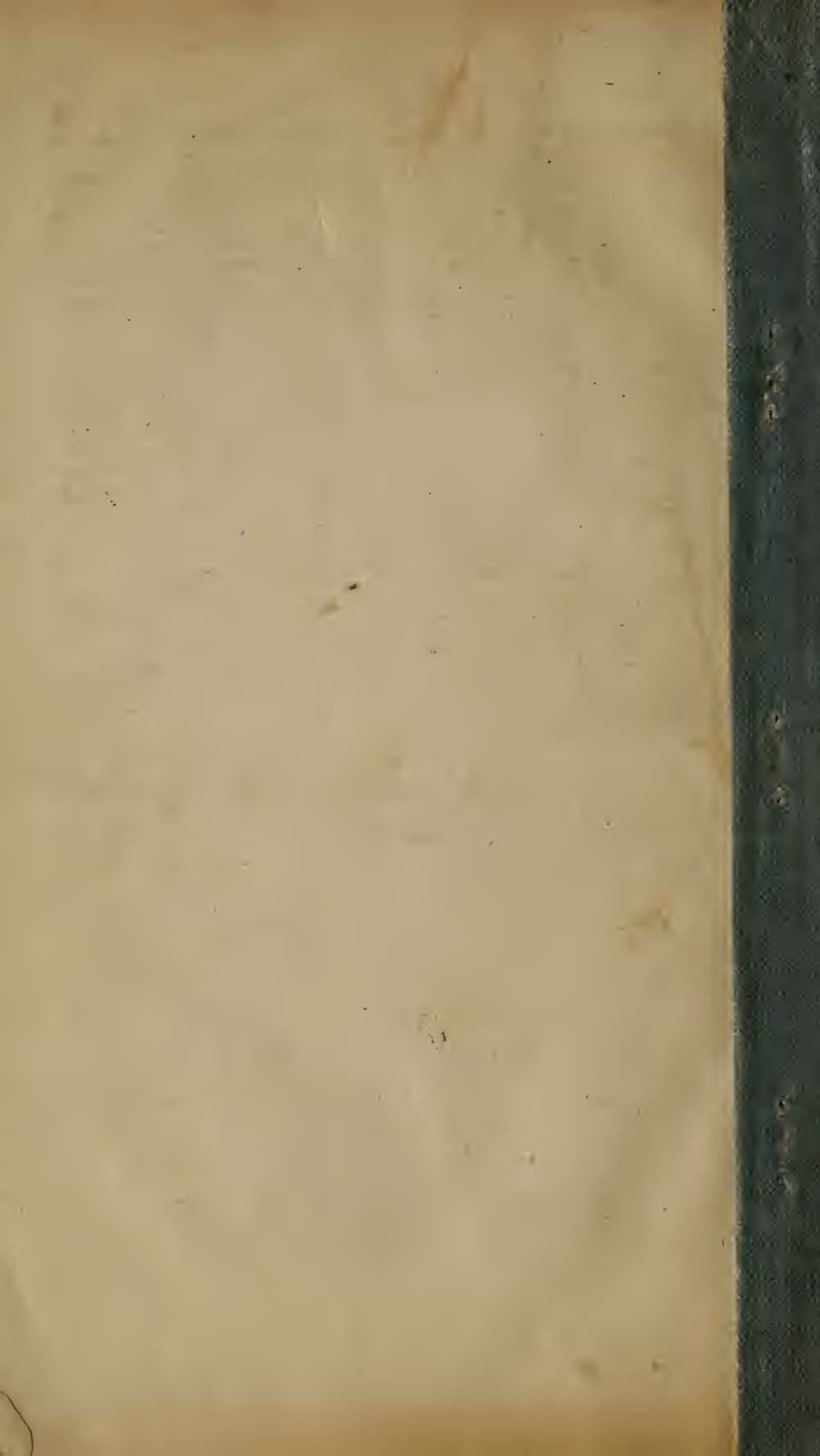
We began now, like Daniel Webster, to

"breathe freer and deeper," but we caught a glance of the Tabby-eyes opposite, and our spirits sunk down like railway stock on pay-morning. Somehow, we always had an antipathy for small sharp wine and small sharp women. We looked again at the eyes, and caught ourself asking ourself if their owner could be married? Alas! we were afraid so, for there was an air of enalignant satisfaction about them that seemed to say they had some poor victim at home to magnetise with their cold greyness, and teach, after Love's carnival, all the desagremens of the "dismal Lent of marriage." Egad! he must be a happy specimen of humanity. When he goes home o'nights, how the footsteps of his worshipped one must ring musically in his ears! and her fingers seem, like the beloved in the Canticles, to drop "with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock" to give him admission!

Ugh! the thought was petrifying, and we put our cane down with a force that made the unconscious subject of our reverie shrink with apprehension. Here we introduced apology number four, and we did it with particular pleasure, because her huge plaid shawl dropping off, we discovered her to have a rather interesting countenance, and that the Tabby-eyes which annoyed us were a pair of horn spectacles.

We protested that we never would permit vagrant fancy to play us such a trick again, and descending from the omnibus, we sought our home and resigned ourself to dreams of our native country.

Du SOLLE.



Gaylord Bros

Makers

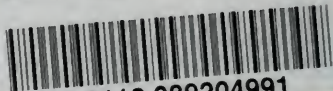
Syracuse, N. Y.

PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

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